

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 12, No. 25 (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)
Office—36 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, MAY 6, 1899.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), \$9. Whole No. 597

Things in General.

BICYCLING rules as laid down by the City Council and enforced by the police, occasionally may seem to inflict hardships upon those who are prosecuted. When trailing behind a batch of slow riders on a bad pavement, the temptation to those who feel that they are skilled in the use of the wheel to swing over to the wrong side of a pavement in order to pass them, must be very great. However, there is no standard by which to judge those who are to be allowed, because of their skill, to transgress a law. In social life conventionalities are frequently considered oppressive, and the intelligent, experienced and well educated often imagine that they are superior to social enactments, and proceed to act as they please. Sometimes these people are forgiven, but as a rule they get themselves and others into trouble. The greatest harm they do the community is in leading the ignorant and the unskilled to follow their example, with unerring and unending disaster to everyone concerned. As the greatest greenhorn on a wheel imagines that he has mastered the whole business, he is apt to imitate those in whom certain eccentricities would not be dangerous. Therefore, those who really know how to handle themselves and their machines must suffer alike with those whose pretensions are ridiculous.

Bicyclists should understand that the idiot on the wheel is a menace to every citizen, and as the number of riders increases the greatest danger of the near future from him will be to those who are sedately wheeling on their own course and observing the rules. I imagine that this season will not have closed without demonstrating the fact that the use of the bicycle has been considerably discouraged by the reckless conduct of those who imagine that they are flying through space rather than occupying a share of the public pavement. This unfortunate feature, unless sternly repressed by the police, will be the cause of innumerable accidents and a feeling of insecurity amongst bicycle riders, which will necessarily destroy the pleasure and utility of this attractive form of locomotion. Bicyclists themselves, though these regulations may entail upon them a number of annoyances, should be the first to insist upon a rigid observance of every rule. They indeed should complain to the police and bear evidence against those rowdies and inconsiderate people who are continually causing mishaps. The police alone cannot cure the evil, even though it is caused by such a small minority of wheelmen.

The Anglo-Saxon character has been always noted for its insistence upon individual rights. The ordinary Englishman will take infinite trouble to punish those who, by disobeying the laws made for all, cause him inconvenience or embarrassment. He religiously insists that if he is to obey a certain law, everybody else shall do likewise, and that if conveniences are provided for him they shall not be taken away by any reckless or fraudulent pretension. It would be well for us all in this country to maintain this attitude. The kicker is really the salt of the earth. If it were not for the kickers in the hotels, trolley cars and railroad coaches, we would all be hustled about as if we had no rights whatever. Bearing this in mind, the bicyclist should not only observe the laws, but insist upon everyone doing likewise. The pavements cannot be rebuilt in a day, neither can the horde of half-trained or reckless bicyclists be taught what is right in a season or two. Members of clubs and all able-bodied men should unite by common consent to protect the women, the cautious and the uncertain, from danger and accident. If this is not done, the bicycle will soon be used by few but errand boys and those who can suffer without great damage a tumble, or dare scorch past the police.

All this is only with regard to bicyclists themselves, but both the good riders and the reckless ones should remember that pedestrians retain rights which must be considered inviolable until people walk no more. All people cannot afford wheels; there are many who have no liking for that sort of thing, and there are many others who are physically incapacitated for such exercise. They must know how to cross a street and which way to look for the coming bicycle, as well as the street car, which is apt to run them down. Those who write red-hot letters to the newspapers seem to imagine that the pavements, and the sidewalks even, were designed exclusively for the use of bicyclists. Those who insist upon this view of the matter cannot be too speedily taught by the police that such is not the case. Men who keep horses which cost them as much per year as would buy a half a dozen bicycles, are not allowed to speed their trotters on the public pavements. If there is anything in vested rights, the pedestrian and the horseman have the first claim. They have been willing to give up a great deal, but surely the most enthusiastic devotees of wheeling cannot expect them to be entirely banished from the streets of the city.

GREAT BRITAIN'S attitude towards the Pacific cable is one of the disappointments of the year. Australia, Canada and Great Britain had practically arranged to go into partnership in the building of this work so necessary to Imperial unity. After commissioners from Australia, Canada and Great Britain had met, and practically arranged that it should be a Government project, the Australasian colonies, which were likely to profit most by the building of the line, offered to assume four-ninths of the responsibility. Canada, likely to benefit least, was willing to assume a half of the remainder, that is to say, five-eighths of it, while Great Britain appeared to consent to assume the balance. At this late moment, while the matter is before the Dominion Parliament, Great Britain appears to have backed out of her share in what to everyone is evidently a most important Imperial enterprise, and offers nothing but an annual subsidy of \$100,000 for a limited time. As has been pointed out, there is practically no one to be subsidized, as it was arranged that the colonies and Great Britain should be partners, and surely Great Britain cannot hope for her colonies to build on their own hook a line of communication which is Imperial rather than Colonial in its chief value.

The worst of the whole affair appears to be that in Great Britain, as well as in Canada, existing corporations have an enormous "pull." The Eastern Extension Telegraph line, which is now doing the business at an enormous profit, and which is not within the Empire, has been able to defeat the project in Great Britain by its extraordinary influence, backed by officialism. This is a sickening damper upon the enthusiasm of the Imperial Federationists, who recently have been doing so much towards drawing the various colonies and the Mother Land together. Canadians may reasonably ask themselves if this is proper treatment for them to receive after having led in the movement for the establishment of Imperial Penny Postage, which was also stubbornly opposed by the Old Country officials. Is this another symptom that the Home authorities are so busy caressing their new-found allies in the United States, that they have no energy left to convince Canada that she is beloved, or at least has not been forgotten? Is it another symptom that our interests are to be overshadowed when new friends are to be made? If so, the Canadian Commissioners should resume their sittings in Washington prepared to resist any concessions asked by Great Britain, to be given as diplomatic sop to our neighbors, who do not even pretend to care for us and, it is to be feared, are only pretending to care for their over-eager British allies. The *Globe's* suggestion is a good one, that the Canadian Parliament should proceed with the consideration of the original proposal, authorize the expenditure of the money, and leave it to Downing street to explain to Australia and the British people why the arrangement was not completed. If such a course be followed, it is doubtful if John Bull as an individual will not make it exceedingly warm for the Eastern Extension Telegraph outfit and the officials who

have had to do with this unpatriotic fiasco. Symptoms of this sort of British sentiment are already apparent.

I CAME across an interesting development of Canadian enterprise, retrogression, and enterprise again, in St. Catharines last week. I had been in St. Catharines before, but not for a long time, and I must confess that I never had any great ambition to spend a holiday in that locality. I had gone to St. Catharines by train and passed the station a hundred times, and to Port Dalhousie by boat, and thence by train to Niagara, but this time I went by the little steamer Lakeside, and loitered with her through Lock No. 1 and up the old canal to the foot of Lock No. 2. The scenery is a revelation. The placid waters, and the trees on the brown hills just bursting into green; the snug, old-fashioned houses; the orchards; the embankments now falling into decay, and the steamer creeping slowly up the sinuous channel, all contributed to one of the pleasantest hours I ever spent on inland waters. St. Catharines as a resting-place surprised me as much as did the old canal with the beauty of its scenery. Twenty or thirty years ago the saline waters at the huge old Stevenson House and at Springbank were noted all over America, and not unknown in Europe, for their curative powers. The immense hotel, which is now occupied by Demill College, and Springbank, which is now the home of Bishop Ridley College, were once crowded with guests largely from the Southern States. Cottages were built, and the annexes, as well as the hotels, were filled. Now these disused baths have all been removed, and The Welland is alone the dispenser of these once renowned waters. It was the enterprise of the late Colonel Stevenson which once made St. Catharines a famous spa, and with him

by an elevator instead of having to climb stairs.

Another peculiar feature of the place is that it is kept by brothers who were both lake captains, and men with brushes and brooms are always at work, as on a man-of-war, and the captains seem always in charge seeing that everybody is doing his or her work, keeping the brasses clean, and that every guest is properly looked after. I like this. Eternal vigilance is the price of cleanliness and of the absence of smells. Another odd feature is that the bar of the hotel is hidden in the basement, and no stranger could find it without asking for it, and if the visitor were taking baths he would probably be advised not to frequent it. The whole place is an oddity as compared with the ordinary Canadian resort of a similar kind. The fact that it is already reputed to be profitable and is regaining much of the popularity which the waters of St. Catharines appeared to have lost, indicates that no care, no matter how great, is wasted on providing for the comforts of tourists who are looking for health or rest.

EVIDENTLY the debating-school season is not yet over, for I am continually in receipt of letters from various parts of the country asking me for "points." My correspondents inform me that they have been chosen to take the affirmative or the negative of some "Resolved that," and some of them want me to tell them what to say, while others more modestly ask for the names of books which they can use to post themselves. The death of two of the grand old men of the century seems to have greatly impressed these debaters, for Gladstone and Bismarck loom up in a large percentage of the questions to be discussed. One young man states that he is on the affirmative side of the resolution "That

to be able to speak in public without nervousness, but Canada will soon be badly off if it goes on producing a crowd of fluent chatters who are always ready to jump to their feet and say something, even if they have nothing to talk about. If debates are to be held by the young folks, let the old-fashioned subjects prevail, such as, "Resolved: That the pleasures of anticipation are greater than those of realization," or "That intemperance has created more havoc than war," or "That the pleasures of country life are greater than those of city life," or "Is punning permissible?" There are a dozen old and reliable subjects which will never be worn any more threadbare than they were when they first came into use, and these have the advantage of leaving something to the taste, imagination and experience, and "points" with regard to them can be had from every "oldest inhabitant" in every neighborhood.

THERE are many who believe that the revival of business in Toronto and the influx of manufacturers from outside cities and towns, have been largely due to the absence for several years of labor troubles from this vicinity. Steady and fairly remunerative employment has recently been a marked feature of the labor market. Better rentals for the almost bankrupt owners of houses, prompt payments of store bills, and a steady increase of population, have given Toronto a much more hopeful outlook than it had enjoyed for years. On the threshold of times which have improved in Toronto as a city much more slowly than elsewhere in Canada, it is to be hoped that the shadow of labor troubles will not permanently fall. Unfortunately, Toronto has a reputation for nearly always being in an industrial ferment of some sort. If the strikes which have been begun are continued, their importance cannot be measured by the loss of employment which the men must suffer, nor the loss of productive power which will come to employers, but by the general damage they will do to the city at large. If the spirit of compromise prevails we will avoid a great evil. Surely all reasonable men, whether employers or employees, must understand how critical a situation is being created.

ALREADY I have heard it said that the escape of those hardened old criminals, Pare and Holden, must do damage to the cause of young Ponton, as he and his friends will be suspected of having aided them in their escape. The fact that Ponton was in Toronto and that his counsel and most influential friends all happened to be distant from the scene of the jail-breaking, is also quoted as being a "suspicious circumstance." This, it strikes me, is a very distorted view to take of the affair. It is not the first time that Pare and Holden have broken jail, and it is probable the Napanee jail is the softest snap they ever struck as something to get out of. Moreover, the inspector of prisons says Pare did the work without assistance from the outside.

Why should a young fellow whose reputation has always been good be the first and last one to have piled upon his back the whole load of guilt, a large portion of which confessedly belongs to Pare and Holden? Why should one who is little better than a boy be crucified, while two of the most experienced and villainous cracksmen in America are practically held to have been tempted into wrong-doing by him? Why, in the name of everything that is reasonable and just, should a young fellow who is a fool if Pare and Holden's stories are correct, be made the chief conspirator both in the robbery and in the escape of the prisoners? Why should the power of the Crown be utilized to weave everything into another mesh in which to catch the simplest, and most transparent, and only reputable one of the three? Why should the fact that the whole community in which the young man lived is passionately certain of his innocence, be turned into an argument that Ponton or some of his friends helped the two cracksmen to break jail? I do not believe in trial by newspapers, nor in the people usurping the functions of the law, but after all what is law but the crystallization of public opinion? What is trial by jury but a representation of public opinion on a small scale? What, then, is lacking when no twelve men have been found to convict the accused, but when the whole jury of the community, after knowing Ponton well and hearing all the facts and understanding the circumstances, almost unanimously declares him innocent? In the face of all this the Crown, apparently at the instance of a powerful bank, pursues one who, if guilty at all, was least guilty, while making heroes out of two of as deep-dyed scoundrels as ever filled a cell.

In what way has the interest of justice been advanced by the methods pursued by the Bank and the Crown? The two cracksmen excited the greatest possible interest in court by the proud humility of their admissions that they were artists in the burglary line. The keys which had been made by Pare were handed about the court and excited the greatest interest and admiration of the assembled people. What would the weak youth in the crowd think when he heard that Pare was to go scot free and Holden was likely to be treated leniently by the Crown, in order to convict Ponton? Would it not prove to them that to be the heroes of a trial exciting interest all over America, they must be expert artists in the profession of burglary? Now that these rascals have escaped they are more or less heroes in the eyes of crooks and the weak-minded. Indeed, I feel safe in saying that there are hundreds of silly people who have read all about this trial, who would to-day rather be Pare and Holden, guilty, than be Ponton, innocent. To-morrow, if the pair of crooks were captured and exhibited in Toronto, they could fill any theater in town, such is the fuss which has been made over them, while the educated young fellow, to convict whom so much trouble is being taken, while so much forgiveness has been shown to the two Pariahs of society, can barely make a living peddling cigars. If the cause of law and order, justice and decency, is being benefited by a procedure which is bringing about such extraordinary results, then we can feel reasonably sure that none of us will be accomplished or safe till we know how to burglarize a bank or break a jail.

OPPPOSITION politicians and newspapers can hope for but little success in their efforts to detract from or destroy the effect of the Finance Minister's budget speech delivered on Tuesday. As everyone knows, the country as a whole is prosperous, and more than ever before within my memory the average Canadian seems prosperous. It was not necessary, to convince Canadians of their prosperity, for the Finance Minister to tell them that the revenue for the last fiscal year amounted to \$40,555,238, a sum greater than the expenditure by \$1,722,713, and over a million and a quarter more than was anticipated, and two millions and three-quarters more than the previous year. The people of no country need to be told when times are good, though it is pleasant to have the exact figures in order to make exact comparisons with other years. It is also encouraging to know that the Finance Minister believes that with an unchanged tariff the volume of business will be so increased for the current year that a surplus of \$4,000,000 will remain in the treasury or warrant increased expenditure for the public good and the development of the country. It is to be hoped that the money will be used for these purposes, for, as the present Government once held, surpluses are apt to tempt governments into extravagant—even corrupt—expenditures.

The most startling and exhilarating statement made by Mr. Fielding was the one with regard to the increase of the total trade of the Dominion, showing, as it does, with what phenomenal leaps this country is advancing as a producer and consumer. To use the comparisons which the Finance Minister used in order to make his Administration appear conspicuous,



MISS JULIA ARTHUR AS JULIET.

(Act IV., Friar Laurence's Cell.)

died, for many years, apparently, the idea of making the mineral springs a drawing feature. I have tried many of the famous mineral springs in America and Germany, but it was left for this remnant of St. Catharines' old enterprise to prove how thoroughly the success of curative waters depends upon the care, intelligence and enterprise of those who have them in charge; and if the present system is continued, St. Catharines will again become famed as a summer and winter resort for those who are rheumatic or want a rest. This is not an advertisement, and proprietors of other Canadian watering places who are offering similar inducements to visitors, and thus leading Canadians to spend their money at home, can always have the same publicity given to their features if they take the same pains to protect the public and to demonstrate the worth of what they offer.

What strikes one as odd at The Welland at St. Catharines is that you are not allowed to take a bath until the physician in charge "goes over" your heart (without charge) and makes out an order to the attendant with regard to the temperature at which you are to be boiled or soaked, according to your condition. In the baths you are not left alone for a moment, but a lusty masseur pulls your muscles into loops, and rubs and slaps you, and turns you over on your face, while your body is all the time under water, and at a certain time by the watch tells you to get out and be rubbed. One's volition in the matter counts for nothing, but after all it is rather comfortable to have someone else's judgment exercised in such a matter. I never knew how long I should stay in a hot bath, nor how hot I should take it, nor why I should not take it as hot as I liked, and it was pleasant not to feel any responsibility in the matter. It is also pleasant to be advised to go back to bed again, for when one is resting it is pleasant to rest under someone's direction—it sanctifies the feeling of laziness. Moreover, it is pleasant to rest in a great, big, old-fashioned bedroom in a great, big, bright, old-fashioned house, and to be lifted up and down

Gladstone did more for civilization than was done by Bismarck. Another outfit is resolved "That Bismarck did more than Gladstone for the peace of Europe;" still another, "That Bismarck was a greater statesman than Gladstone;" another has it "That Gladstone exercised greater influence than Bismarck;" still another, "That Bismarck's influence in Germany was greater than Gladstone's influence in England." Nearly all of these letters reach me about a week or ten days before the great event is to take place, and if I had known there were likely to be so many of them I would have had a little slip printed, giving suggestions to the disputants, but as the season is about over I can only say that I have answered none of the letters, simply because life is too short for that sort of thing, and besides, it would not be fair for anyone who knows as little about it as I do to mislead the gentle youths and maidens who are so willing to let me do their work for them.

However, if my advice is worth anything, here it goes. It would be better for young people to discuss things they know something about. As far as these applications have been concerned, they betray absolute absence of any knowledge of either the life or influence of either of the two great men whose deeds are to be canvassed and whose influence is to be weighed. To arrive at anything like a reasonable conclusion as to which man was the greater, a couple of months should be devoted to a careful study of the subject. No good can be done in debating-schools or elsewhere by idle talk, vague generalities, or astounding assertions which, owing to the ignorance of the opposition, may go uncontradicted. It is to be feared that in this country there is a prevalent notion that if young folks can only get up and talk for the length of time allotted to them, without blushing themselves to death or falling in a fit, they are educating themselves as public speakers, if not orators. The contrary is the fact; we have already too many people who both write and speak without knowledge and "darken counsel by words without wisdom." Of course it is an accomplishment

In the last two years, under the Liberal Government, the total trade of the Dominion has increased by over \$66,000,000, while the total increase from 1879 to 1896 (eighteen years of Conservative Government), was only \$57,000,000. Of course it would be preposterous to ascribe this marvelous increase to any change of government, but it will be difficult for the Opposition to show exactly why it was that such an extraordinary change took place as soon as they went out of power. It will probably be sufficient for Canadians to know that these figures are correct, in order to induce them to stick to a Government which was lucky enough, to say the least, to inaugurate an era of such splendid prosperity.

We are not prone to question how good luck comes to us, but we are very loath to change from the lucky man to the unlucky one. All of us have superstitions lingering in our minds, and the man who religiously refuses to walk under a ladder, or to put on his left shoe first, or to cut across a corner, or to bet at the races if he meets a cross-eyed man on the way, or start on a journey on a Friday—and this includes nearly everybody—cannot be reckoned upon as anxious to trade off a Government which has been so "lucky" as to increase business sixty-six million dollars in two years, for an outfit that only increased business fifty-seven million dollars in eighteen years. This prosperity may have been largely brought about by the National Policy, but if this argument is used by those who inaugurated the Policy, it only proves that they did not know how to work their own machine, and that it never turned out a good grist until the Grits got hold of it. It is no compliment for the Opposition to say that they built the National Policy, if in the same breath they prove that they did not know how to manipulate it and a new shift of politicians had to be put on it to make it hum. I am doubtful if the cry of "stolen clothes" is likely to agitate any but the old line partisans who would rather be poor under an administration of their own than get rich with someone else in charge of the ship.

It seems as if the new crowd were wearing the old clothes to pretty good advantage, and some people hold that the garments must have been originally made for them but were misappropriated for the first eighteen years. Seriously, the people of this Dominion are too busy trying to get along to ask many whys or wherefores. They will be glad to see the balance-sheet and will trim their sails accordingly, and it will probably be found that they are in such a hurry to make money while the sun of prosperity shines, as not to take time to change their bookkeeper or the officials in charge of the job at Ottawa. This is perhaps not the most learned or logical way to discuss a budget speech, but it is about the way that the budget speech will be taken.

The Newspaper Club.

BEING AN ORGANIZATION OF CERTAIN ACTIVE NEWSPAPER-WRITERS OF TORONTO AND OTHER CITIES AND TOWNS FOR THE PURPOSE OF HOLDING WEEKLY MEETINGS IN THIS COLUMN TO SETTLE BY CUMULATIVE DISCUSSION SEVERAL OUT-STANDING AND VEXED QUESTIONS.

Is Punning Permissible?

If punning had been placed under the ban I should have had to think of the pauperizing effect it would have had on the world's fund of anecdote and on literature. Douglas Jerrold would not have said, "Extremes meet," when someone told him he had dined on calves' tails. We should have missed those passages among three of the most inveterate punsters of England. Charlie Matthews and Theodore Hook were close friends. Tom Hood remarked how frequently they were together. "Is it anything remarkable that hook and eye should be together?" enquired Matthews. They all laughed at the clever retort and staked the dinner for three on the result of a punning competition. Presently they approached a pub, on which was the misspelled sign, "Bear sold here." "Hello," said Hook, "I guess that bear is of its own brain." Arriving in front of a vacant lot they observed the sign, "Beware the Dog," but no sign of the dog itself. Hood went over to it and picking up a piece of soft limestone wrote under it the interrogation, "Ware be the dog?" History does not relate which of the three had to pay for the dinner, but would it not have been too bad if these clever sayings had been suppressed by an embargo upon puns? Coming down to more recent times, recall the observation of the Buffalo Express that "Canada does not know enough to come in out of the Reign-Britannia." If puns had been declared in bad form, do you suppose that John Robson Cameron, Esq., of Hamilton, (Wentworth county), would have retorted that "Canada knows enough at least to keep out of the Hall-Columbia." I might go on citing samples that plead for literary recognition of the pun, but these will suffice. Excuse me now if I drop into poetry. (It is the first drop I have had in years.)

I do not think it would be fair
To generally condemn the pun,
It's very good when it is rare,
It's odious when it's overdone.

John Lewis
becomes
analytical.

The lowest form of wit, to which the answer was, "Yes, because it is the foundation of all wit." Or it might be said it is the alphabet of wit. In punning there is a play upon words; in the next higher form, a play on phrases; in the highest, a play upon ideas, Q.E.D. The office of the other kind of pun, the exceeding bad pun, is simply to produce laughter. It is a thankless task, as the bad punster has frequently to dodge pipes, books and other hard substances, thrown by the ingrates whom he has caused to laugh. The same people turn up their noses at Bill Nye, declaring that his is not "true humor" and bidding one go study Cervantes and Charles Lamb. Some people want to analyze laughter, and think they ought not to laugh except at something which can be logically demonstrated to be funny. On the contrary, I think the best laughter is the child, who laughs at nothing, or at something so subtle that our hardened sense of humor cannot appreciate it. Children laughing in this way are often worried and badgered by teachers and stern parents, who want to know what they are laughing at. At nothing, of course, or at something you could not understand if it were explained to you. Leave them alone and they will stop laughing just as unaccountably as they began. That blessing of laughing easily and spontaneously will leave them soon enough.

"Why with such earnest pains dost thou invoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke?
Full soon thy soul shall have its earthly freight
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life."

Phillips
Thompson
favors isolation
hospitals for
punsters.

This can hardly be regarded as a no-pun question. You might as well ask, "Is consumption permissible?" or "Ought appendicitis to be prohibited?" The true punster is born, not made. Paronomasia is a natural endowment or affliction, as you choose; anyway, it's part of the individual's intellectual make-up and cannot be suppressed either by law or social restriction. Public opinion would hardly endorse the gallows as a penalty, apart from which the practice cannot be altered. With the genuine paronomasia, the pun is spontaneous and up-welling from the inner depths of his being as the song of the birds. He can't help it, he doesn't know when he does it. Then why talk of prevention or punishment when no pun is meant? But there are others to whom the pun is an acquired taste, like olives or tomatoes, for the habit is unfortunately contagious. As the poet has truly said:

"Punning's a vice of such insidious guise
That though at first the hearer shuddering flies,
Yet heard too oft we share the dolorous fun;
We first endure, then snicker, and then pun."

Something might, perhaps, be done to mitigate the evil by the establishment of isolation hospitals, in which all natural

paronomasias, after being duly pronounced such by a commission de punatio inquirendo, could be incarcerated to prevent the contagion from spreading. But as it is questionable whether the Government will vote the necessary appropriation, we shall have to await the advent of the beneficent millionaire, who might find in a bequest of this nature a welcome means of dodging the succession duty. As to the mere imitators, who, with painful self-consciousness, are struggling to acquire the faculty, the moral reprobation of the community, properly emphasized, would doubtless be effective. Have we no reformers who will undertake to lead the crusade? Oh, for the eloquence of a Punshon, for example, to warn the youth to shun puns!

Franklin Gadsby
tells us of a
lamented
Irish person.

There was a punster
Came from Munster,
An Irish wit, and free,
Clever at gibes
And diatribes,
Likewise at repartee.
But he preferred
To tease the word—
The trick's paronomasia;
We call it pun,
He called it fun,
And he would surely craze you.

For day and night
This ruthless wight
Was doing verbal murder;
More words he'd slay
In jocund way
Than dervishes the Sirdar.

His wretched life
With quips was rife,
His presence made you shiver,
He played his game
Till Charon came
And rowed him o'er the river.

"A little boy,
'Twas father's joy
To lay the sticks on me;
But now," he said,
With laughter red,
'I'm on the Styx, you see."

And Charon boiled,
His blood was rolled,
He hit him with the oar:
And, as he drowned,
The shores resound
"We've heard that joke before."

Mack says
punning is a
form of
insanity.

About six years ago I allowed a punster in Toronto to observe me wince at one of his puns, and from that day to this he practices upon me. If I chance to say that I should like to go to the Yukon he replies: "Yukon go if you wish." Pun or no pun, when he makes that statement he utters an untruth, but I firmly believe that if he were on trial for his life he would pun with his cross-examiner, and, for a good pun, would hang joyously. This is why I think punning a symptom of insanity—a madness like the thirst for liquor or for free theater-tickets. There is only one man more detestable than the punster. This other fellow carries a wire puzzle in his pocket, and, handing it to you, asks you if you have seen it. If he asked you to try to "do" it you would not touch it, but you are willing to see it—and you try it. You arouse yourself in five minutes and find that you are striving with that fool puzzle, and you throw it down. Then he gives it a couple of twists and it is done. He tries to make you feel that he is vastly superior to you. "Why is a crow?" he then asks you. Inwardly you are wondering why it should be assumed that a man commits a crime merely because he kills another person, for why should anybody kick up a fuss about knocking in such a head as the one before you? "It's a good conundrum," he says. "Why is a crow?" He goes to the door. "Caws," he answers. And you look at your dog, and you wonder why good dogs have not immortal souls when any man can have one.

Social and Personal.

THE marriage of Mr. Hugh Langton, librarian of Toronto University, and Miss Ethel Beatrice Street, eldest daughter of Mr. Justice Street, took place in St. Thomas' church on Tuesday afternoon. Rev. Charles Shortt, assisted by Rev. H. Hartley, officiating. The service was fully choral and the chancel was decorated for the marriage with lilies and palms. Miss Street's bridal robe was of white satin, en train, with guimpe and sleeves of chiffon and rever of rare Honiton lace. The bouquet was of white wistaria and ferns, and the orthodox veil and orange blossoms were worn. The bride, preceded by her four maids, Misses Amy and Evelyn Street, her sisters, Miss Marjorie Boulton and Miss Mabel Cartwright, who wore reseda green taffeta frocks frilled with white chiffon, and fuchsia, guimpe and sleeves of chiffon, and white hats, was led in by her father, who gave her away. Mr. John Langton was best man, and Messrs. E. Grieg, S. Heward, G. Heward and C. McInnes were the ushers. The reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents in Walmer road, where also a splendid array of gifts were arranged in the library. With all good wishes and three rousing cheers the bride and groom presently drove to the late afternoon train, the bride's traveling-dress being of blue cloth, with toque to correspond. The honeymoon will be spent in large American cities.

A spring tea at Summerhill, the lovely suburban home of Dr. and Mrs. Larratt Smith, was society's northern outing last Saturday. Although at its highest beauty in apple blossom time, the place was pretty and bright last week with fresh verdure. Mrs. Larratt Smith received, with Mrs. Lenox Smith of Quebec at her side, who was welcomed by all. At the tea-table Misses Violet and Audrey Smith and Miss Hilda Boulton officiated. Good-byes were said to Miss Audrey, now on her way to England. A large party of ladies were at this tea.

The unreserved sale at Townsend's of Mr. Lucius O'Brien's pictures is an event which rouses much interest. There is doubtless much added importance by reason of the sympathy everyone has felt with the fine artist in his long and trying illness. Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien will go South shortly for the benefit of the invalid, and afterwards to the West Coast. Many very fine pictures are in the hands of the auctioneer to dispose of on May 10.

Beautiful with the sudden advance of summerlike weather were the lawns and terraces of Rosedale House on Tuesday, when Mr. Perceval Ridout gave a tea, enabling many friends to enjoy a word with his guest, Mrs. Walter Ridout, and to feast their city eyes with quite a country-house scene, and their lungs with the freshest air, while sundry less ethereal good things were offered to their more material taste. The people did not long linger in the spacious drawing-rooms, but after the cup of fragrant tea, made place for new comers, and took their way out into the sunlight and strolled over the lovely turf to the gorgeous beds of scarlet and gold tulips or odoriferous hyacinths, all in ranks of pale-tinted blooms, or sat chatting on chairs arranged on the lawn opposite the entrance doors. From five o'clock until after six people kept dropping in by way of either entrance to the grounds, and for each was the same pleasant welcome from the master, whose typical English presence was so in keeping with the sylvan scene. Mrs. Walter Ridout, fair and sweet in a soft white frock, was pouring tea, shaking hands, exchanging greetings with her old friends, with no pretense of formality, and everyone agreed that the hour at Rosedale House was the most pleasant of the week's reunions. Miss Mowat and Mrs. Fred Mowat came in after the Langton-Street wedding reception, as did several others. Mr. and Mrs. Grant Ridout were late comers from their home on the far west side. The bride was exquisitely gowned in a perfect fitting gray gown and dainty purple hat. Miss Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Cumberland, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lee and Miss Lee, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. J. Juchereau Kingsmill, Mrs. George Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs.

Hankey and Miss Hankey, Dr. and Mrs. Grasset, Mr. Byron, the Misses Rowand, Mrs. and Miss Bessie Macdonald, Miss Michie and Miss Skeaff, Mrs. and Miss Errol Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Stanger, Mrs. Charles Fleming, Mr. Donovan, Mrs. Cattanaeh, the Misses Hugel, Miss Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Brouse, Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. Kirkland, and Mr. Lefroy, were some of the guests.

A delightful little tea was given by Mrs. Hankey on Wednesday afternoon in her drawing-room at the Arlington, at which a very jolly party of friends were assembled. Mr. and Mrs. Hankey and Miss Gwendolyn Hankey welcomed them with cordial words, and Miss Hankey, with Miss Jessie Rowand, who looked exceedingly well in a dainty white waist and cardinal and black skirt, were busy at the tea-table. Mrs. Biggar of Belleville, who has been in town for a short visit, and returns, I hear, to-day, played for the five-o'clockers some charming morceaux, and Miss Hankey sang a sweet song as well. Some of the pleasant company were: Mr. and Mrs. Julius Miles, Mrs. Biggar of Belleville, Captain McDonnell, Mrs. Forester, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Stanger, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Miss Perkins, Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. Donovan, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mr. Perceval Ridout.

Mr. D. A. McKellar, late of New York, left Toronto Hospital on Wednesday for his home in Penetang, somewhat improved in health. It is hoped by his many friends in Toronto and New York that a summer in the north will put him on his feet again. Mr. McKellar is well known amongst the newspaper and artistic fraternities in Toronto, owing to his connection with TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT some years ago. For the past seven years he has resided in New York, where his drawings in black and white were frequently the highest adornment of the pages of Life and other journals.

Colonel Lessard has returned from Kingston suffering from a slight illness. His Lordship the Bishop of Algoma returned home this week after a short visit in town during the meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary. His Lordship was a guest at Howden Holme, and on last Saturday afternoon Mrs. Tomlinson gave an informal tea in honor of her distinguished visitor, at which Mrs. Sweetman, Provost and Mrs. Welch, Canon Cayley, Canon Sweeney, Rev. Dyson Hague and numbers of other clergy and friends, about forty in all, including Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Wood, Mrs. Williamson, Miss Cartwright, Mrs. Dalton, Miss Grier, Miss Tilley and Mrs. Grindley, were pleased to greet Bishop Thornloe.

On Wednesday morning, with all due ceremony, the Right Rev. Dennis O'Connor, D.D., Bishop of London, was installed as Archbishop of Toronto at St. Michael's Cathedral. An immense crowd, among whom were many prominent Protestants, witnessed the ceremony. Dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church from different parts of Canada were present, and they, in their robes and gorgeous vestments, with the fully-lighted high altar as a background, made a very brilliant spectacle indeed. The music was exceptionally fine.

Mr. Guy Beverley Robinson of St. John, N.B., paid a short visit to friends in town this week.

Mr. James H. Plummer has gone to the Klondike to inspect the newly established branches of the C.B. of Commerce, whose staff are nearly all Toronto men.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who came down from Ottawa to be present at the ceremony of the installation of the Most Reverend Archbishop O'Connor on Wednesday morning, was accompanied by the Postmaster-General and Hon. R. W. Scott. Mr. Mulock drove the Premier out in the afternoon, and the drive included a call at Government House, after luncheon at the National Club. Sir Wilfrid was greeted by many warm admirers when he was seen down town. Hon. William Mulock was his host at dinner, and the Premier returned to Ottawa by the evening train.

The wedding of Mr. W. Herbert Greig and Miss Lily Thorley, daughter of the late C. J. Thorley, was celebrated on Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's mother, 12 Division street. The event was of a quiet nature, only the relatives of the contracting parties being present.

Miss Lillian Hamilton, who has been suffering from a relapse of grippe, has gone to visit her cousin, Mrs. George Tuttle, at Niagara Falls, and is deriving much benefit from the change. Miss Hamilton is accompanied by her friend, Miss Marian Love.

Dr. J. Boyer and family arrived from London, England, last week and are at the Rossin, where, during their stay in December of 1897, they made many friends. Mrs. Boyer being a charming Scots woman. The doctor, who is a Canadian, is thinking of living here.

Mrs. Ham, wife of Dr. Ham of St. James, and her little daughter Lorna leave on the first of June for a holiday in England. The doctor goes over in July for a couple of months. Mrs. Ham is to attend the commemoration at Oxford on June 17, when Mr. Herbert Ham of Worcester College, brother of Dr. Ham, takes his arts degree.

The final meeting of the Women's Musical Club will be held in St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening, May 23. Invitations may be had from Miss Grace Boulton, 15 Grange Road, up to the time of the last private meeting of the club on Monday, May 15. The fee for outsiders will be fifty cents. On Monday, May 15, the members will receive copies of the club's constitution.

Captain Forester returns to-day from ten days' absence down East on military matters. Last Tuesday Mrs. Buchanan arrived in town on a short visit to Mrs. Forester. Miss Trot Buchanan has gone to Nelson, B.C., in company with Mrs. Arthur Ross and Mr. Donald Ross to visit friends for some weeks.

On the Sunday preceding the Queen's Birthday the annual church parade of the Toronto garrison will take place to Massey Hall. The Governor-General, it is hoped, will be present, and some other distinguished visitors as well.

Mrs. Bacon and Mrs. Mitchell went to New York this week for a short stay. They will there have had a delightful little visit with Mr. and Mrs. Broughall, who were stopping at the Manhattan.

Torontonians who met Lady Mary Sackville this spring on her flying visit to this city during Horse Show week, may not find themselves puzzled in England this summer if they remember the following item from T. P. O'Connor's gossip paper, M. A. P. (mostly about people): "But it is not only Royalty and distinguished politicians who can boast of 'doubles.' Lady Mary Sackville's double is Miss Dora Wilson, who is frequently mistaken for Lady de la Warr's handsome daughter."

Japan's Ambassador to the Court of St. James was in the city for a few hours on Monday. Mr. Kato Takaaki is his name. He is on his way home to enjoy a leave of absence. Mrs. Kato Takaaki was with him, and the party attracted considerable attention at the Queen's, also during the drive around the city, which they enjoyed seeing.

Last Thursday evening Col. and Mrs. Cosby celebrated the anniversary of their wedding day. A number of friends were present at their handsome home, and good wishes with many happy speeches were given in good measure, pressed down and flowing over, to the gallant Colonel and his wife.

Rev. H. J. Cody of Wycliffe College has been appointed assistant rector to Rev. T. C. Des Barres of St. Paul's church, Bloor street, where he has been curate for some time back.

Dr. Willmott is building a house in College street, next to the one lately built by Dr. Peters. This fills up the frontage of the old Walker place, Surrey Villa, which, I believe, was built by Mr. George Hague of the Merchants' Bank, Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Kent, accompanied by their youngest son and daughter, left for New York last Saturday, where Mr. Kent and his son take the steamer on an extended European business trip.

WM. STITT & CO.

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

Special Importations of High Class Foreign Dress Fabrics

Dotted and Plain Crepe de Chine.
French Embroidered Voile. Crepe Plumet
Silk and Wool Veilings and Bareges.
French Broadcloth. Mixtures for Tailor-made Gowns.

MILLINERY

Paris, London and New York Pattern Hats and Bonnets.

GLOVES

SPECIAL—2 clasp Gloves in all colors, with Fancy Stitchings, \$1.00 and \$1.25.
Undressed Kid Gloves in all the newest shadings and tints.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Tel. 888.

11 and 13 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

PANTECHNETHECA

Miss McIntosh

OF MINNEAPOLIS

We have on exhibition quite an interesting collection of painting on china by Miss Helen G. McIntosh.

Miss McIntosh will conduct classes in Toronto for a short time only.

116 YONGE ST.

THE COMMONPLACE IN WALL-PAPERS

Finds very little space in our stock. We can find plenty of good material by careful and skilful searching to form an artistic and attractive collection. And it is gratifying to know that this does not necessarily imply higher prices. We are frequently complimented on the value given in our Wall-Papers, considering that none of the quick-run trashy stock is shown.

The Elliott & Son Co.

LIMITED

40 King Street East

Fine China Tea Sets

We put all our china tea sets, some of the very finest ware from the very best English potteries, into clearing out lots to make room for new importations recently purchased by our Mr. Manson in England. All round it means fully twenty per cent. off the regular prices. We start the sets at \$5.00 and up.

CHINA HALL

JOS. IRVING
49 KING STREET EAST

Artistic Bridal Bouquets

In all styles and sizes for the quiet as well as the

Fashionable Wedding

Estimates furnished for church and home decorations. Floral work of every description supplied on short notice. We ship flowers to any distance and guarantee their arrival in perfect condition. Price list on application.

J. H. DUNLOP'S

5 King West
445 Yonge St.

GARDEN TOOLS

Iron Flower Vases
Garden Hose

Lawn Mowers

Rakes, Grass Shears

Rice Lewis & Son

LIMITED

KING AND VICTORIA STS.

TORONTO



Satisfaction

attends every sale made in Mantle Department, consequent on the rigid particularity exercised when choosing makes, styles, values.

- Renowned makers only.
- First-class materials only.
- Perfect fitting only.
- Fairly marked prices only.

Ladies' Jackets

| | |
|---|--------|
| In Black Serge, sizes 32 to 44, at... | \$4.25 |
| Black Serge, silk lined, sizes 32 to 42, at... | \$6.00 |
| New Blue Cloth, fancy stitching, sizes 32 to 38, at... | \$5.50 |
| Fly Front Cloth Jackets, in gray, mode, blue, 32 to 35 sizes, at... | \$6.75 |

Mail Orders

should be addressed Department O.

JOHN CATTO & SON

King Street—opposite the Post Office



Don't Bring Vexation

on yourself, but come here where you are sure to be pleased with our fit and price of spectacles.

TORONTO OPTICAL PARLORS

88 Yonge St. (upstairs)
F. E. LUKK, Refracting Optician
with W. E. HAMILL, M.D., Oculist.



Is Your Kitchen

well stocked with

ENAMELED WARE?

You can buy anything from a preserving pan to a basting spoon in Kemp's.

GRANITE or DIAMOND

Ware—and every piece bearing these labels is guaranteed pure and reliable. Ask for them—they cost no more and wear better.

Most dealers keep them.

Kemp Mfg. Co., Toronto



Hofbrau

Liquid Extract of Malt

The Health Builder

Makes Flesh and Blood

Makes Strong the Weak

The only Malt Extract on the market prepared in a similar manner to the world-famous

Hof's Malt Extract

manufactured in Cologne, Germany, where Mr. L. Reinhardt graduated in 1870.

2 for 25 Cents

For sale by all druggists

W. H. LEE, Chemist

Canadian Agent

Toronto

Whiskies and Brandies

OF THE BEST BRANDS

GEO. W. COOLEY

567 Yonge Street

Telephone 3689

The Teas, Luncheons and Receptions served by Geo. S. McConkey, 27 and 29 King St. West, are in the daintiest form and are perfections of the Caterer's art.

CARD PLATES

CREST MONOGRAM and ADDRESS DIES

Made to order.

VISITING CARDS

Printed from plate.

NOTE PAPER

Embossed in all tints.

MISS E. PORTER

Ladies' Work Depository 47 KING WEST

Social and Personal.

A number of pleasant teas have been on the tapis this week, pleasant in every particular but one, that several of them were given as farewells to popular visitors or well-liked residents who are leaving town. On Monday afternoon Mrs. Cattanach received a few of her relative, Mrs. Arthur Ross's friends, to give them an opportunity of bidding good-bye to Mrs. Ross, who left for the West Coast on Wednesday morning. In Toronto, as in Ottawa, Winnipeg and the cities of the farthest West, the fact that the ladies were friends of Mrs. Ross bespoke their charm, that lovely lady, by her innate goodness and sincerity of friendship, always attracting cordial and congenial persons. The little coterie were waited upon by the two young daughters of the hostess in perfect manner, and Mrs. Ross was overwhelmed with all good wishes for her continued improvement in health, and hopes that in far less time than the anticipated year she will be back again. Among the ladies at the little tea were: Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Joseph Macdougall, Mrs. Ryerson, Mrs. Herbert Mason, Mrs. Hugh Sutherland, Lady Thompson, Mrs. Sutton, Mrs. McKinnon, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Lister and Mrs. Harrison.

On Monday another farewell tea was given for Miss Todd, the bride-elect of next Wednesday, and many also said welcome to the bridegroom-elect, Mr. Byron, who has made friends everywhere in his brief sojourn. Mrs. Rowand, the gentle and beloved mother of the happy family circle at 80 St. Patrick street, received, assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Hankey, whose impending leaving-taking is everywhere being regretted, and in the tea-room Miss Rowand, Miss Jessie Rowand and Miss Hankey were kindness and attention personified, not to mention jolly, genial Mr. Hankey, who is a pattern to the base and difficult young men of today in his bright gallantry. The tea was only an informal one, and was, as are all the gatherings at Mrs. Rowand's, thoroughly enjoyable. Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. Percival Ridout and his guest, Mrs. Walter Ridout, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Sutton, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. George Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Mr. Donovan, Mr. Osborne, Major Tassie, Mr. Bunting, Mr. Stimson, Mr. Maule, Miss Brock, Miss Perkins, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Miss Violet Langmuir, Mr. George Biggar, Miss Buck, Mr. H. A. Patterson, the Misses Patteson and Mr. Scott were guests.

Rev. William Patterson will deliver a lecture on Enthusiasm in Cooke's church next Thursday evening at eight o'clock. Mr. William Reed, the popular organist of New St. Andrew's, will contribute organ solos, and a violin solo will be rendered by Miss Kittle Paterson. The following eminent vocalists will also take part: Miss Agnes Forbes, Miss Katherine Chattoe, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Walter Sparks, Mr. Melville, and Mr. T. Alexander Davies, musical director. With such an excellent programme the church should be crowded.

Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Winn and Mr. Gordon Jones leave in a few weeks for England. Miss Audrey Larratt Smith went to England this week. Mrs. and Miss White of Ottawa, and the Misses Foote of Quebec, are visiting in Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Addenbrook of Howland avenue have gone to England. Dr. W. Earl Willmott is taking a post-graduate course in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cawthra and Mr. Edmund Bristol went to England on Saturday. Mrs. and Miss Boulton have gone to Cobourg, after a pleasant winter in Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon of Ottawa are visiting Judge and Mrs. MacMahon.

Mrs. P. J. Mulqueen will be At Home Wednesday and Thursday of next week, corner Queen and Claremont streets.

Mrs. Hoyle gives a tea this afternoon to which friends are invited to meet Mr. and Mrs. Maconachie.

Mr. and Mrs. McWhinney have removed from Madison avenue and are boarding for the present at 31 Wilcox street. Mrs. McWhinney will go to Muskoka next month for the summer.

A correspondent sends the following correction: "In the last issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, in alluding to the Art Loan Exhibition entertainment, an error has been made in naming Miss Olive Walker as having danced the Brownie Dance with Phyllis Lawlor, whereas it was Miss Bessie Caldwell, who is one of Mr. Sage's pupils as well as Phyllis Lawlor."

Miss Margaret Huston is giving an afternoon musicale in her studio in the Confederation Life Building to-day at four o'clock, at which a very smart company will be present.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Galt are boarding at 142 Bloor street west, having rented their residence in Jarvis street for the summer. They will sail next month for England to attend the Henley Regatta.

On next Tuesday evening the Toronto Humane Society hold their annual meeting in St. George's Hall at eight o'clock. The public are cordially invited to be present.

Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Miss Crooks have returned from Lakewood and Atlantic City. The Grange is looking lovely just now, the turf so fresh and green and the trees just coming into leaf.

Mrs. Sutton expects her sister shortly on a visit. Mrs. Granville Cunningham is expected from England next month on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Crooks. Miss Florence Brimson (Mlle. Toronto) went again to New York this week. Mrs. Lownsbrough has removed from Walmer road to Surrey Villa, the fine old Irving Walker homestead, where she will reside for the future. Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Heron have removed from St. Joseph street to No. 9 Admiral road. In the

heated term they will occupy an Island cottage. The Islanders are already bestirring themselves, and some of them are moving over earlier than usual this year, having rented their town houses to visitors in the city for the summer. Mrs. Eade Chadwick has brought over her wee baby on a visit to Grandmamma Kemp.

Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne is expected home next week. Mr. and Mrs. H. Fuller of Woodstock are at the Queen's this week. Mrs. Hendrie came down with a box party from Hamilton to see Mansfield play Cyrano, and occupied the Government House box on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Schuch have removed to No. 2 Elgin avenue.

Mrs. Grant Ridout held her post-nuptial receptions on Thursday and Friday afternoons. The bride is a handsome and bright young woman, winning friends by her charming cordiality and keeping them by her many excellent qualities. Old friends who have always held her in high esteem are glad to welcome her and wish her every happiness.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh had some friends for tea to meet Mrs. Greenwood, who is on a visit with Mrs. Montzambert in St. George street. The lovely day was enjoyed by everyone, and Rosedale in its spring garb is a very lovely suburb.

Mrs. Kearns gave on Tuesday, at McConkey's, a very elegant luncheon for her sister, Mrs. Gordon of New York. Pink roses were the table decoration, and the guests included Mrs. Herbert Greene, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Heron, Mrs. Galbraith, Mrs. FitzGerald, Mrs. Hedley, Mrs. Widmer Hawke and the guest of honor, Mrs. Gordon.

A large and beautiful luncheon was given on Friday of last week at McConkey's by Mrs. Edwin Thomas of St. Joseph street, in honor of Miss Sproul of St. Louis. Covers were laid for fourteen, and the menu was of a very dainty and tempting description.

That the Spiering String Quartette are to be heard in their delightful chamber music on May 16 is pleasant news for lovers of that refined and educative style of music, which is to the rest of music as the exquisite miniature to the rest of painting. The Chicago musicians are masters of their art, and on their last visit their audience was both large and

Far-Away Buyers

UNLESS you have tried ordering from us by mail you cannot appreciate what "Mail Ordering" at its best really is.

- A Collar Button or a Diamond Ring.
- A Salt Spoon or a Cabinet of Silver.
- A Half a Dollar or Five Hundred Dollars.
- Five miles distant or away in the heart of the Rockies—it is all one to us.

We prepay all carriage charges, and if you are not perfectly satisfied we will cheerfully refund money in full upon the return of goods to us.

You run no risk whatever, and the best stock in Canada is thus at your service.

Ryrie Bros.

Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Streets
TORONTO.

Fresh Boiled Lobsters

20c. lb.
FRESH SPINACH
40c. Peck

The finest assortment of fish and new vegetables in Toronto.

F. Simpson & Sons

FANCY GROCERS

736 & 738 Yonge Street

Telephones 3445 & 4239

BURNING BLEMISHES

—You've felt the burning embarrassment time and time again, when those blemishes on your face attracted people's attention.

You have often wished to have your otherwise good features freed from such a disfigurement.

Come in and consult us free. We have remedies and treatments for every defect or blemish of the Face, Hair, Hands, Feet or Fingers. Our methods are modern.

Send stamp for our handsome book, "Health and Good Looks."

Superb Hair, Moles, etc., permanently destroyed by Electrolysis.

Graham Dermatological Institute
41 Carlton St., Toronto Tel. 1838

enthusiastic. The ladies in charge of the enterprise, which has for its object the familiarizing of the public with the sweet and satisfying chamber music, have great responsibility and should be heartily supported. Mrs. Julie Wyman, our recent acquisition, is a very accomplished singer and is to be the songstress at the concert in Association Hall on May 16. The Bishop of Toronto wrote after the last concert to Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, president of the Chamber Music Association, saying how greatly he had enjoyed the Spiering concert.

"I am determined to preserve the honor of the French army," shouted the man who had been figuring prominently in the Dreyfus case. "You're doing worse than that," answered the blunt American soldier; "you're embalming it."—Washington Star.

She—My face is my fortune. He—Well, poverty is no disgrace.—Puck.

Much Superior.

Friend—Does your conception of Cyrano de Bergerac differ materially from that of Mansfield's?

Stormer Barnes—I should say so. Why, the nose I use in the part is twice the size of Mansfield's!

"Mammy," said Pickaninny Jim, "I's gwinter be one er dese hypnotizers." "Whut's dem?" "Yoh look somebody in de eye, an' he des nach'ly goes ter sleep." "Well, don't you go was'in' yoh time. Dah's sleepfulness 'nuff in dis here worl' an'—" she paused suddenly, and after a moment of thought added—"Jimmy, does yoh 'magine you could do dat to a chicken?"—Washington Star.

He—Be mine, darling. You are the lamp that alone can light my existence. She—Yes, dear; but papa doesn't think you are a good match for me.—Jewellers Weekly.

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

Hunyadi János

PREVENTS HEMORRHOIDS
and CURES CONSTIPATION

GET THE GENUINE.

Hunyadi János

WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

Mr. & Mrs. Charles Goodman

*request the pleasure of your company
at the marriage of their daughter*

Annie May

to

Mr. Graham Alex. Browne,

*at the Church of the Redeemer
on Monday morning, June the third,
eighteen hundred and ninety-eight,
at eleven o'clock.*

*And afterwards
at 960 St. George St.*

A Wedding Invitation

to be "correct" in every detail should be engraved or printed like the above *fac-simile*.

Send to us for prices, samples, &c. Correspondence invited.

The BAIN BOOK & STATIONERY COMPANY
96 Yonge St., Toronto A. E. Huestis, Mgr.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Dorenwend's Hair Goods

ARE THE BEST

Our select and large stock in Wigs, Bangs and Switches, etc., is not equalled for quantity, quality and lowness in Price on the American continent.

MAIL ORDERS A SPECIALTY
N. B.—The trade supplied. Hair by the pound or ounce. Switches and other styles by the piece dozen or gross. Write for our illustrated catalogue—free.

The DORENWEND COMPANY of Toronto, Limited
103 & 105 Yonge Street, Toronto



LATEST SUMMER STYLE OF BANGS
Ladies, do not go around much longer with the hair a la Pompadour, "if you do not wish to be put down as an antiquity." An English lady of title, recently passing through Toronto, was surprised to see some of the Toronto ladies yet wearing "The Pompadour." In London and Paris the "Pompadour" is a thing of the past. The favorite style is the "Princess of Wales" style of Bang, which was so very popular only a few years ago. We are introducing this style again in Canada, and it has also found favor with our patrons. The last two months we made hardly any other style but the "Favorite Princess and Paris Style of Bangs," all orders, which indicates the desire of changing the old "Pompadour."



Our Favorite Princess and Paris Style of Bangs are made beautifully light for summer wear, and will save the ladies any amount of trouble and inconvenience in traveling or on the seaside.

Now is your time, ladies, to give your orders. All orders have to be dated two and three weeks ahead to get them through in time. Prices of Favorite Princess Style from \$5 to \$15. The Fatima Paris Style from \$5.50 to \$12. Ordinary Style of Bangs from \$2.50 to \$7.00. Bicycle Bangs \$2. Pin Curls \$1.50 and \$2 pair. For Hair Dressing and Hair Treatment our parlors are the largest and best appointed in Toronto. Tel. 218.

J. TRANCLE-ARMAND & CO.
The "Favorite" Princess style of front, distinguish and pretty. 441 Yonge & 41 Carlton St., Toronto, Ont.

KID GLOVES

From one end of the land to the other—wherever ladies who demand the best are found—Fownes' Gloves are the recognized standard of merit and fashion—They are the best for dress and for the street, for all occasions and all purposes—To wear them is to be correctly gloved—Phyllis and Eugenie best for spring wear.

CELEBRATED

A Woman's Pride

is hurt if her husband finds fault with the soup she has made. To ensure success always, she should use

"Lazenby's Soup Squares"

Thirteen different flavors.

Crompton Corsets

head the list of high-grade and symmetrically perfect corsets.



Victoria
Contour
Magnetic
Queen Moo
Qebah and
Yatisi

SOLD IN ALL THE STORES
Beware of Imitations

Wedding Cakes

from Webb's are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration.

They are shipped by express to all parts of the Dominion, safe arrival guaranteed. Catalogues and all information cheerfully given.

The HARRY WEBB CO.
LIMITED
TORONTO

TIDY

the FLORIST

The CHOICEST in seasonable CUT FLOWERS and FLOWERING PLANTS, as well as in PALMS and FERNS, will always be found at his CONSERVATORY and STORE—

75 King Street West
... TORONTO



THE MARCELL WAVE

Is the latest and prettiest style for waving the hair. If you wish your hair dressed and waved in the latest style go to Fember's, and for hair goods it will pay you best to go to the same place. For two weeks we will give 20 per cent. discount—28 inch natural wavy \$10 Switches for \$8, guaranteed natural wave. Our Demi Pompadour and Princess Louise Bangs are in great demand. They are exceedingly light, natural and stylish. Hair dressing, trimming, singeing, shampooing, a gentle scalp treatment, etc.

Turkish Baths in connection. We have thoroughly renovated our Turkish baths and now we have the finest in the city. Try them. Ladies 75c., including hairdress. W. T. PEMBER
127-129 & 131 Yonge Street
Telephones 2275, 3553.

Manicuring and Chiroprody

Best manicuring 50c. Ten treatments 50c. each.

Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails treated by an expert chiropodist. L. A. STACKHOUSE, 134 King St. West Opp. Rossin House, Toronto. Telephone 1202.

STORIES OF THE CANADIAN WEST.



THE GRIP OF THE BLIZZARD.

BY BLEASDELL CAMERON.

But it's O! for the sun-dog's glow!
And it's woe for the winding snow!
Brain afire
And feet amire,
And a bunk in the bank below!
—The Jasper Trail.



OULD that you might catch the faintest felicity of his rugged speech, that you might see the shock of black hair against the tilted sombrero and the expression in the dark eyes of Jim Yue, as we rode one warm January afternoon at the feet of the eternal Rockies and he paused in the middle of a Crow song to catch my interrogatory remark, and then answered:

"Yes, blizzards of the mountains is bad, pure bad. Give 'em me from any other p'int out of which Old Boreas bellows; they ain't a circumstance."
"You should know, Jim, if anybody does," I ventured, insinuatingly, in anticipation of more to follow. Jim's repertoire of stirring reminiscence was great and available always on a slow prairie trail.

"Why, I believe you're about right," he returned, modestly. "I'll enlighten you concernin' what happens to me an' two others in the Cypress Hills, five winters ago. Which this tale concerns these two partners of mine especial, an' I plays in luck; the same relat' to one of these devastatin' mountain blizzards, which swoops down an' wrops us up no end, causin' these unfortunate gents to loose their holt on this life complete."

"This winter I mentions I puts in at Maple Creek. Christmas Eve there's a dance out to Fort Walsh which Sleighborn Shorty, McClay an' me allows we're surely due to take it in. Our hosses bet'n' throwed free to rattle their feed on the prairie durin' the winter, we backs the game of a halfbreed who's long on ponies an' short on grub, for a ten-dollar ante to play his cayuse an' jumper for the trip. The distance is just thirty mile, an' this cayuse-an-jumper outfit bet'n' narrow-gauge an' frivolous for adult parties an' the day likewise fine, we calculates a single man surely loads the sled to the limit an' that each rider in turn an' all lopes a whole lot. Moreover, clothes bein' certainly a burden an' unnecessary in the circumstances, by mutual agreement all hefty an' superfluous apparel is omitted from our layout, accordin'."

"We lines out from the Creek prompt along noon, an' the procession flows along like grease on a stove lid till we hits the Cypress Mountain, just come dusk. There's a railroad tie-camp at the foot o' the hill, an' we readily succumb to an invite to eat supper with them. It's clouded some, an' the wind's risin'. These railroad gents persuades us we'd best camp; which we thanks 'em kindly but allows we reckons to range through, havin' started, an' don't anticipate no zephyr puts twine on us to any amount. It's at this juncture this here blizzard I'm mentionin' swarms in amazin' an' calls the turn on us."

"We cuts loose from the tie camp an' pints out to surmount the hill. It's a mile up an' the wind don't get action on the procession to hurt through the pines that rides herd on the trail all the way. But when we touches the summit—woosh! It's a tossin' sea of blind, white, blazin', whoopin', whirlin', pricklin', sandin', salty snow. The air bites like it's a wolf. It's that voracious it surely would crunch stones. An' us soaked with sweat, for we all walks the hill."

"Which the elements is certainly shook up some to-night," says I, 'an' out for to buck our game unlimited. They're surely due to impede our steps from now on. What for a play would it be, boys, to pass up the hand we holds complete an' accept the hospitality these here tie-shapers tenders so spontaneous? I unfolds this as a suggestion."

"Sho!" says Shorty (which this person has a gal at the Fort, workin' to the commandin' officers—a little halfbreed, by name the Cypress Gazelle). "Sho!" says this Sleighborn Shorty. "I certainly permits myself to be stampeded by no such shifless things as elements," says he. "It's just a matter o' five mile across this triffin' plain to the Fort, an' I surely maintains I surges ahead to that extent, if I surges afoot an' alone. You see, this here Gazelle female's prettier'n a spotted pup. Shorty figures he weds her a whole lot in the Spring,

an' he's bankin' powerful on showin' up at this dance with her abundant. Of course, seein' he's so sot on it, there's only one play to make.
"Enough said," says I. "All bets is off, an' we seizes on these blusterin' elements forthwith."

"We embarks into the swirl, all lovin' to keep thawed out an' supple. We'd reeled off two mile, mebby, when this Shorty gent ups an' announces he's plumb disgusted an' awary an' concludes he takes a snooze. 'Just you trot along, boys. Don't you worry about me. I just drops down here out o' this tormented wind a minute an' I overhauls you before you makes the Fort,' says he. This perverse an' extraordinary play on the part of this Shorty man bein' calculated to alarm George an' me no end. Which it surely does."

"We grabs him an' hustles him to his feet, an' we surely tries our best to shake some life into the pore deduced chap, but it's no use. He ambles along between us for a ways an' then he mires down entire."

"It's no good, boys," says he. "I quits the game right here. Leave me, O leave me. I'm into it to the hubs. Let me rest. Go on to the Fort an' send out some o' the police, boys, if you like. Yes; send—' He's plumb dazed an' careless, an' he stops like that."

"We loads him into the rig, but the cayuse can't haul him through the snow that's come—can't hardly pull the sled.
"Jim, you crawl the pony an' go in," says McClay. "I stays by this invalid party an' stomps round. For God's sake lose no time arrivin' back. Shake up the cayuse for all that's in him."

"Shorty's asleep. Somethin's surely due to be done. So 'All right, George,' says I. 'But mind you don't draw your picket pin an' ramble from the environments of this sled.'"

"We unhitches the pony an' lays this insensible Shorty in his blanket on the trail, with the bottom o' the jumper turned up 'longside him to shift the wind. Then I clutches the cayuse an' sends him."

"This snow burns like shot, an' I swears to you I'm glad exceedin' when I looks down on Fort Walsh an' sees the lights from the dance hall flash through this smokin' tempest. We slides down the slope, an' as we hits the stockade this pore blowin' little jack-rabbit of a cayuse I'm ridin' lopes into the snow, kicks once or twice an' coughs the small supply o' breath that's left him out into the atmosphere for good."

"Which it ain't takin' long for explanations, an' in ten minutes I'm humpin' back through the storm, top of a fresh Government hoss, with six troopers lined out behind an' a double rig in the trail. We fetches the jumper. George is not present. Which to the halloos I sends forth immediate, the only responses I pulls out of the discordant melodies of this screedin' blizzard is coyote howls. We lifts Shorty into the rig an' it returns with him. I'm numbled to the marrow, but I don't leave George; not yet. The troopers an' me surely combs the vicinity, trompin' round with lanterns an' kickin' in the snow. We don't uncover him. After an hour I'm unhooked complete an' abandons the game of necessity."

"Shorty's still unconscious when we trails back into the Fort. If anything brings him to, it's this small Gazelle lady. Which she lays huggin' of him with her warm little person on the bunk where they drops him when they trails him in. She's ropin' of his neck with her brown arms an' beginn' him to speak to her, while she weeps gentle an' surpassin' sorrowful along. I surely stands to play her for a winner in this game against a full house o' medical sharps. But he never gets action with his tongue again, an' before mornin' he's out on to the big range an' p'intin' for the heavenly gates. As the police surgeon sets it out, this devastatin' blizzard freezes holt of his intellects an' freezes 'em up a whole lot, the said infringements bein' irreparable."

"Does they find George? Which I agrees they doubtless does. They pitches on him just comin' day. A coyote chases along by the trail, a rope cast to the lee o' the jumper. This unhappy McClay is sittin' doubled up like a crawfish with his back against a bank o' snow in this depression, just below the prairie level an' out o' the ferocious gale. He drifts with the storm. His arms is folded across his breast with his hands pushed in the sleeves. His eyes is closed, an' you imagines he enjoys a sleep, exceptin' the speckless snow is not whiter than them tranquil features of his. An' he's rigid an'

frigid as them almighty rocks."

I looked at the Rockies, to which he pointed. The sun had dipped behind them, and the naked and sombre peaks loomed cold and pitiless against the hard grey sky above the world of white stretching, league on league, away from their feet. A great star wheeled slashing out over their grim tops and hung there, glittering. Just ahead, the lights of Trollinger's stopping-place glowed ruddily, invitingly, in the growing dusk, beside the trail.

"What became of Shorty's girl, Jim?"

He turned toward me with a broad smile. "Which it surely amazes me a lot to discover you ignorant concernin' the details o' these domestic plays I makes. You sees my woman, don't you? That's her."

Then he shook his jingling bell spurs, his pony flattened his ears and broke into a gallop, and Jim finished his Crow song, trolling merrily:

"Hey, minni tippero, a-hey minni shooshay;
A-hey, minni tippero, a-hey minni shooshay-ay!"

From Boarding House to Flat.

R OSAMOND and George moved from their boarding-house to their new flat, and although she was full of apprehension over the recent awful fires, they located at the top of the house, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. She'd see that the fire escapes were all right, she thought, but the elation and worry attendant on getting into her first own home made her forget it. So it was in the night that she suddenly pinched her George's arm right on the muscle, where a pinch makes a man feel like striking out.

"George," said she, "what about fire?"

"Well, as you say, what about it?" Thus George, in the voice a man uses when he wants to strike out and can't.

"Did you examine them thoroughly when you decided on the suite?"

"The fires?"

"Don't be stupid! The fire escapes."

"Of course," he returned in the open tone of positiveness that proves a man is talking of something he is not at all clear about.

"Oh, George!" said she, for she understood the tone perfectly; "think of the Windsor!"

"What the deuce do you want to wake me up in the middle of the night to think of the Windsor for? Go to sleep!"

The answer he got to this was "Where is it?" in sepulchral tones.

"The Windsor? Well, I will be—"

"If you say that word I shall leave the house this minute," Mrs. George sat up in bed and paused to give her husband time to say the forbidden word if he dared. He didn't dare, so she went on. "What I was asking, as you perfectly well know, was where is the fire escape?"

"It's out the kitchen window," he replied. "It's all right, an iron stairway, and there's a balcony at each landing. I remember perfectly."

"Did you try it?"

"Of course I didn't."

In reply she only spoke his name again, but it was with stirring emphasis. Still he was very tired, and the next thing he knew his wife was warily getting out of bed. Then he dreamed himself standing under a running water spout on a cold night.

That was because his wife hadn't covered him up when she rose, and the draught from the kitchen window was something awful. He woke with a start and pursued her to the fire escape window.

"I am not going to have us all burned out in our beds," she declared, "and now is the time to test this escape, not when there is actually a fire. You needn't say a word; I know I am right." With that she drew her bath robe about her and began to climb out on the dark balcony.

"If either of us," broke in the husband, "is going to be an idiot and go down that escape in the middle of a cold April night, it's got to be me."

"I think myself it would be more fitting," said Mrs. George with dignity, and drew back.

"How far do you want me to go—remember I haven't got any socks on inside my slippers?"

"I should go to the bottom," she said, firmly.

He started. Three steps from the balcony below he slipped into a box of chives, and continuing to the balcony with the box on his foot, he there kicked three bottles of beer to the back yard below. The box of chives following, he skated into a collection of ferns on the next landing. Yells now arose, likewise windows. George's yells didn't arise, because he was trying to be as quiet as he could be. He sat through the lid of a five-pound box of butter three balconies down, and enwrapped himself with a string of drying dish-towels. Meantime an avalanche of dislodged articles kept fall-

ing on top of him from the landings above. On the balcony nearest the ground the tenant appeared at the window with a pistol, and while he was opening the window, George, remembering his college days, swung himself to the pavement.

Howls of "Thief!" "Murder!" "Fire!" "Help!" issued from the windows, and when George found he had jumped into the brawny embrace of a policeman it seemed quite natural and proper. At last the agonized screeches of Mrs. George individualized themselves above the racket, and the cook of the family below informed her that "it was only a poor crazy man which is run in now by Mike Flannigan, me friend on the beat."

George got out next day, having sent home first for some clothes. But, as Mrs. George says, it's a great comfort to feel certain that the fire escape is all right.

A Section Foreman.

His Life One of Exposure and Much Hardship.

Rheumatism and Kindred Troubles the Frequent Result—One Who Has Been a Great Sufferer Speaks for the Benefit of Others.

From the Watchman, Lindsay, Ont. Wm. McKendry, a gentleman of 52 years of age, has for 28 years been a respected resident of Fenelon Falls, Ont. For twenty-two years he was held the position of section foreman for the G. T. R., which position he fills to-day, and judging from his present robust appearance will be capable of doing so for many years to come.

During his residence at Fenelon Falls Mr. McKendry has taken an active part in educational matters, being an efficient member of the School Board on different occasions. Many times he has been nominated as councillor, but owing to the position he held with an outside corporation felt it his duty to withdraw, although much against the wishes of the representative rate-payers. As the public well know the duties devolving on a railway section foreman expose him to all kinds of inclement weather, and it takes a man with a strong constitution to successfully fill the position. Mr. McKendry had no illness until about three years ago, when, to use his own words, he says: "I was taken down with severe rheumatic pains in the right knee and the muscles of the leg. I could not sleep or rest night or day. I could not begin to tell you what I suffered."

I took many remedies, both internal and external prescribed by doctors and friends, but instead of improving I was steadily going from bad to worse. One day while reading the Presbyterian Review I read of a cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in the case of a man who had not been expected to recover, and this prompted me to give this medicine a trial. The action in my case did not seem to be speedy, and I was using my fifth box before any decided improvement was noted, but by the time I had used eight boxes I was a thoroughly well man. Since that time my general health has been the very best and I have no signs of the old trouble. I make this statement voluntarily, because I think it the duty of those cured to put others in the possession of the means of obtaining renewed health, and I am satisfied Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do all that is claimed for them, if given a trial."

These pills cure not by purging the system, as do ordinary medicines, but by enriching the blood and strengthening the nerves. They cure rheumatism, sciatica, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, heart troubles, erysipelas and all forms of weakness. Ladies will find them an unrivalled medicine for all ailments peculiar to the sex, restoring health and vigor, and bringing a rosy glow to pale and sallow cheeks. There is no other medicine "just as good."

See that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is on every package you buy. If your dealer does not have them, they will be sent post-paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, New York.

Courting Miss Jackson.

"MISS JACKSON," he began, as he removed his hat and scraped his foot as they met on the street, "I done hab de happy facility to meet up wid yo' de odder night at de cake-walk."

"Yes, sah," she softly replied.

"What first distracted my attention to yo' was yo' purtiness," he continued. "It was de general opinion dat yo' was de handsomest gal in de hall. In fact, yo' outshine de shiniest ob dat vast aggregation ob shiners."

She bowed her thanks.

"What next distracted my attention was yo' clothes an' style. One glance prognosticated de fact dat yo' was a bo'n lady. I felt dat me an' yo' was two eagles 'mong a lot ob crows. Does yo' anticipate de suit ob

"Yes, sah," she softly replied.

"What first distracted my attention to yo' was yo' purtiness," he continued. "It was de general opinion dat yo' was de handsomest gal in de hall. In fact, yo' outshine de shiniest ob dat vast aggregation ob shiners."

"You Cannot be Sure"

THAT IT'S THE GENUINE

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Unless the name is on the Sealed Lead Packet. This is your safeguard.

By all Grocers. 25c., 30c., 40c., 50c., 60c.



clothes I had on dat night? Made to order, an' cost me seben dollars. Coat-tails had de reg'lar New York droop, an' dat celluloid collar jest frowned all de mashers down. More dan one hundred pussons called me a swell."

"But day and night de t'ought ob yo'r mellituous lubliness filled me heart like de music ob a camp meetin'. W'en I was decoratin' de walls ob Marse Jones' barn wid de white-wash, I t'ought you an' Miss Cleveland was de most excredatin' lubly ladies in de worl', like de angels in de Sunday school books, on'y dey ain't beautiful brack like you is. Yer showed too dat you lubed me, fur shore."

She looked blankly at him.

"Perhaps yo' percolated de remembrance dat I squeeze yo'r hand, Miss Jackson, an' yo' must have observed dat it was my intension to ambulate a few remarks when interrupted by dat very common an' undistinguished pusson known as—"

"My husband, sah!" she icily interrupted.

"Fo' de Lawd, Miss Jackson, but yo' ain't done married to Moses Phillips?"

"Two weeks ago, sah."

"An' yo' ain't Miss Jackson no mo'?"

"No mo', sah."

"Den I dun bin a fool?"

"Yes, sah."

"Huh! excuse me, please. Reckon I made a mistake. I see now whar it was. I got yo' mixed up wid Evangeline Thompson, dat purty, stylish young lady dat was de belle ob de occasion an' called fo'th de undisguised admiration ob de gigantic assemblage. Yes, I recollect yo'. Yo' was walkin' around on de elbow ob Moses Phillips, an' people was a-sayin' dat yo' had a bombazine dress dat belonged to yo'r grandmudder, an' dat Moses done had a pair ob trousers made out ob a blanket. Good-day, Mrs. Phillips. Excuse my bein' mis-took."—Leavenworth Times.

Burdened With Wisdom.

Washington Star.

There was a man so wondrous wise That nothing took him by surprise; He was so wise no use he saw In striving 'gainst fate's ruthless law. He found no sense in human grief And laughter brought him no relief. He was so wise, the neighbors said The man might just as well be dead.

How Tumble s Got Their Name.

EVERY day we drink out of a tumbler. Why is the large glass that holds our milk and water so called? Years ago Professor Max Muller was giving a luncheon at All Souls' College, Oxford, to the Princess Alice, the wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, and the second daughter of Queen Victoria. There were not a dozen guests besides the princess and her husband, and a very agreeable luncheon was had, with talk on all kinds of interesting subjects.

But what excited the curiosity of all strangers present was a set of little round bowls of silver, about the size of a large orange. They were brought

by a servant, and the princess, who was very young, picked up one of them and said: "What is this?"

"That is a tumbler," replied the princess's husband.

"What is a tumbler?" asked the princess.

"It is a glass," replied the princess's husband.

"What is a glass?" asked the princess.

"It is a vessel," replied the princess's husband.

"What is a vessel?" asked the princess.

"It is a container," replied the princess's husband.

"What is a container?" asked the princess.

"It is a thing," replied the princess's husband.

round filled to the brim with the famous ale brewed in the college. These, we are told, were tumblers, and we were speedily shown how they came by their names—a fitting lesson for the guests of a philologist. When one of these little bowls was empty, it was placed upon the table mouth downward. Instantly, so perfect was its balance, it flew back to its proper position as if asking to be filled again. No matter how it was treated—trundled along the floors, balanced carefully on its side, dropped suddenly upon the soft, thick carpet—up it rolled again and settled itself with a few gentle shakings and swayings into its place, like one of those india rubber tumbling dolls babies delight in.

This, then, was the origin of our word tumbler, at first made of silver, as are all these All Souls' tumblers. Then, when glass became common, the round glasses that stood on a flat base superseded the exquisitely balanced silver spheres and stole their names so successfully that you have to go to All Souls' to see the real thing.

THE GREAT HUXLEY.

What Huxley, the Great English Scientist, Considered the Best Start in Life.

The great English scientist, Huxley, said the best start in life is a sound stomach. Weak stomachs fail to digest food properly because they lack the proper quantity of digestive acids (lactic and hydrochloric) and peptogenic products; the most sensible remedy in all cases of indigestion, is to take after each meal one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, because they supply in a pleasant, harmless form all the elements that weak stomachs lack.

The regular use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure every form of stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach.

They increase flesh, insure pure blood, strong nerves, a bright eye and clear complexion, because all these result only from wholesome food well digested.

Nearly all druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at 50 cents full-sized package.

Send for Free book on Stomach Troubles to F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

Alexander.

Alex. Geddes in the Baltimore Sun. There was a youth who kept a store. And though some might be grander, He kept a store all through the war And his name was Alexander.

He mixed his goods with a cunning hand And was a skillful brander; While oft his sugar half was sand—Some called him Alex-sander.

One day his loved one to him came, Then lovingly he scanned her; He asked her would she change her name, And a ring did Alex-and-her.

"Oh, yes," she said, with smiling lip, "If I can be commander; They both then formed a partnership And called it Alex-and-Her."

A Mattress That Lasts a Lifetime. A physician writes: I have used the patent elastic felt mattresses in my house since 1877. During this time they have constantly grown in favor, remaining always the same, requiring no remaking. They make the most comfortable, the cleanest and the most wholesome beds."

—These mattresses are in prices ranging from \$9.00 to \$15.00.

The OSTERMOOR BEDDING CO. 434 Yonge Street Toronto

Opposite Carlton St.

Bell Pianos

Built to last a lifetime.

DURING APRIL YOU NEED WARM LIGHT-WEIGHT UNDERWEAR

In a word, you need JAEGER'S DEPT. 85 King Street West

Enameline

is the Modern Stove Polish; it is put up in paste, cake or liquid form. There is no dust and no odor, and the result is a brilliant polish without labor. It has the largest sale of any stove polish on earth.

J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York.



On Top...

of all soaps for nursery use, stands "Baby's Own Soap." It is made of purest vegetable oils and slightly perfumed with finest flower extracts. It has been sold and used for so long, and always been good, that doctors all over Canada recommend its use, having practical knowledge of its effects. Most of its numerous imitations are injurious to the skin.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs.
Montreal.

Keep in mind that Scott's Emulsion contains the hypophosphites.

These alone make it of great value for all affections of the nervous system.

It also contains glycerine, a most valuable, soothing and healing agent. Then there is the cod-liver oil, acknowledged by all physicians as the best remedy for poor blood and loss in weight.

These three great remedial agents blended into a creamy Emulsion, make a remarkable tissue builder.

50c and \$1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

DAINTY FEATHERS

Soon lose their daintiness by wind and weather, but quickly regain their original beauty if sent here to be dyed, cleaned or curled.

R. PARKER & CO.

Dyers and Cleaners.
787-791 Yonge Street, Toronto
Branches—50 King St. W., 201 Yonge St.,
471 Queen St. W., 1297 Queen St. W.,
277 Queen St. E.
Phones—3037, 3640, 2143, 1004, 5698.



Every Woman

who considers it good taste to be shapely, healthy, comfortable and attractive at one and the same time should wear

P. D. Corsets

Long and short waists to suit all figures.

At nearly all Dry goods stores.

Any dealer can get them for you

\$1 to \$30 a pair.

Cool Ties

For Warm Weather

Our \$2.00 Ladies' Oxford Tie

Satisfies both the eye and the feet.

Ask to see them.

H. & C. BLACHFORD, 114 Yonge St.

GOLD SPECTACLES

A specialty at the old established firm.

C. POTTER, 31 King Street

OFFICE TO LET

"Saturday Night" Building

Suitable for any business or profession. Apply to Secretary-Treasurer.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO., Limited.

WHIRLWIND

CARPETS TAKEN UP, CLEANED, AND RE-LAID.

Cor. Bloor and Manning Avenues

Phone 5530 R. P. POWELL, Proprietor.

The Newspaper and the Public.

Richard Wat-on Glider in the Outlook.



HE aspect in which the daily press has changed most within my recollection is in its development of sensationalism. This sensational wave, which started in its most violent form in the West, has now swept across the country from ocean to ocean. But the new journalism is not without its good points. Along with all the sensationalism, the lack of responsibility, the getting together of fake news and the contriving of evident pictorial falsehoods, a great deal of talent goes into the make-up of the papers. The editorial pages, especially, contain a remarkable amount of expert and expressive writing. . . . With all its faults, the press, even the sensational press, has certain generous qualities that make it ready to facilitate any disinterested work taken up by public-spirited members of the community. The greatest service the press does for civilization is in the searchlight it throws on the dark places. Before there were any health laws in this city there was a tenement-house owned by a prominent member of a popular church, from which came a large number of typhoid patients. Many of them died. Appeals to the tenement-house owner were unavailing, and the only way found to compel this man to stop murdering people, clean his house and put it in shape to live in was the threat of publicity. He resisted all argument until Mr. Bryant threatened to publish his name and the condition of his house in the Evening Post. That humbled the man at once, and he said: "I'll do anything you want if you'll keep the matter quiet."

But that the public mind is vulgarized by the swash served in the sensational papers is certain, and it is to be hoped that there will soon be a reaction. Just what degree of excellence in journalism the public are prepared for is a question. It is perhaps not to be expected that people without culture will show fine taste and discrimination, but at the same time we know very well that some of the best literature has the widest circulation. One would think this evidence that there is opportunity for the best in newspapers. The discouraging thing is that so many members of the more intelligent portion of the community will buy the very papers they abuse and despise, and will read them whether they believe what they read or not. They get to craving news, and lots of it, and unconsciously look for something put out with a bang. There is so much criticism that one would think there would be more selection, but people have the notion that a one-cent crime is no sin.

Readers ought to realize that they themselves are largely responsible for the sensationalism of the daily papers. They can't put all the blame on the speculative proprietors with their rotary presses and cheap processes. If readers are self-indulgent and willing to gratify curiosity by patronizing and helping support a trashy publication, the moral responsibility rests on them as well as on the owners. Publishers will furnish better papers if readers refuse to buy poor ones. We need not carry the sense of responsibility to the point of morbidity, but we should feel it and act accordingly.

About One's Holidays.

OME philosopher has taken up his parable against public holidays. He has figured out the waste of energy on athletics, and calculated that the time devoted to cycling would enable many young men to master chemistry or a modern language. Our grandfathers, he insists, would have been aghast at our reckless passion for unprofitable recreation. This citation of grandfathers would be more impressive if it could be shown that they turned their spare time to educational uses, writes L. F. Apsten in the Illustrated London News. Grandpapa had no bank holiday; he did not ride a bicycle nor study the football editions of the evening papers; but when he could steal an afternoon from business he went to a cock-fight or backed the Bermondsey Chicken against the Islington Mauler. If our progenitors had been inflamed with zeal for improving their minds, we should have had an efficient system of public education a generation sooner. What is the use of telling a cyclist that he ought to give his spare hours to the study of a modern language? He can quote grandpapa too. In the opinion of that old gentleman, English was the mother tongue of commerce, and the only salvation for the foreigner was to acquire our melodious idioms. I heard a young man lately expounding this family tradition to an appreciative circle. "Why should an Englishman," said he, "bother his head about learning French and German? Depend upon it, English is the universal language of business. If it were not, why should Germans come over here to learn it?" He neglected to state that knowledge of English is

COMMON SENSE IN EVERYDAY LIFE.

Prevents Many Diseases and Much Severe Suffering.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets the Common-sense Remedy for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and all other Stomach Troubles Except Cancer—A Trial Proves This.

What a difference there is between the appearance of a robust, vigorous, trained athlete and that of a pale, weak, emaciated consumptive!

That difference is exactly the difference between health and disease—between a stalwart, healthy man and a wretched, suffering dyspeptic, for instance.

What sane person, seeing two such individuals together, would choose the lot of the dyspeptic?

What dyspeptic, knowing that a prompt, perfect and permanent cure can be obtained at the least possible expense, would choose to remain sick and miserable?

The universal popularity of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets is due to their reliability, the promptness of their effect, the simplicity of their action, the thoroughness and permanence of their cure and their low price.

People know when they buy Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets that they can confidently rely upon them to do what is claimed for them; they know that they will do their work quickly; that they cure Dyspepsia by removing its cause; that their good effect is lasting, and that they would be cheap at four times their price.

Dodd's double treatment for the stomach and the bowels insures perfect health through the natural working of the digestive system. The small brown Tablets that go with each box of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets stimulate the Liver and the Bowels, curing biliousness and constipation, and keeping the system in a state of perfect cleanliness.

The blood cannot be thin nor weak, impure nor sluggish, when Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are used.

only a part of German erudition. But most Englishmen still hold with grandpapa, and it is decidedly more agreeable to spend a holiday at football than to pore over grammars.

One advantage of holidays out of town is that you develop your resources of conversation. Who does not yearn to escape from the monotonous round of topics to which he is confined by his daily toil? In the country there is a fresh stimulus to ideas, especially when your hostess has the forethought to banish threadbare subjects from the table. This is done by an admirable device which ought to be widely adopted. Having edited the menu for dinner, the hostess applies her mind to the much more serious question of spiritual nourishment. What shall the company say? The point is not to prescribe any special topic, but to eliminate whatever may be stale or dangerous. So, when you are dressing, a servant brings you a neat little perfumed note, in which you read, "You are requested not to talk about the influenza or the crisis in the Church this evening." This is rather hard if you have been in the habit of expounding a delicate point of ritual between the soup and the salad, or of enlivening the fish by explaining that quinine (neat or ammoniated) makes a capital liqueur, to say nothing of a safeguard against the fection which is so life at promiscuous dinner-parties. Personally I am indebted to the influenza for a certain degree of celebrity. You don't know what fame is till you have been introduced in a drawing-room before a convalescent dinner as "the man who has never had the 'flu.'" Women smile upon you with tender solicitude, and murmur prescriptions. Would any of these charming creatures feel a pang if they knew that you were stricken by the fell disease? They would not; but they would cheerfully form a committee of nurses to discuss their own historical symptoms at your bedside.

And one, whose look shone kindness, ran and fetch'd his sheaf of charts—the plan Mark'd out, he said, by God for Man.

"Look thou! Thus far, and thus, the clear Seas sparkle; thou may'st pray, and steer Thy craft with knowledge here, and here."

"But by the vasty margins loom God's well-set darknesses; the womb Bears not the man that skill's this gloom."

Another, wisely, "We are sure Of consciousness and some small store Of facts, as 'two and two make four.'"

"So nerv'd and lamp'd, may Reason spell The systems out, and learn to tell The purport of the inmost cell;

"But, ever as she goes, she sees In new and old simplicities The old, invincible mysteries."

—John Ottwell.

The Return of the Mitten

THE wind of fashion seems to have whipped around to an old quarter, if one may judge from the significant little straws of rumor and of prophecy which come floating in from all sides. An English paper, for instance, announces the re-appearance of the "mitt."

"Dear mitten!" it says. "Suggestive of quaint old-world days when things were less artificial than now, and when our grandmothers' principles were as upright as their high-

backed chairs."

Possibly the girl of to-day may resent this somewhat invidious comparison, but that is another story, says The Bazar. The point of immediate interest is that the return of the mitten is not the only sign that fashion is going back to pick up some of its old ways. Ear-rings are again in favor. Very high-heeled shoes are being worn abroad. English women of fashion are trying to introduce the tall walking-sticks, which are the natural accompaniment of high heels. Even the charming flowered band-boxes of our grandmothers have come into favor again.

How these reminiscences of other days will appeal to the modern young woman it is not safe to prophesy. Perhaps she will decline them altogether; perhaps she will surrender with the abjectness with which, after more or less protesting, we almost always yield to fashion's decrees; perhaps she will try to arrange a compromise, traversing the golf links by day, short-skirted, heavy-booted, hatless, gloveless and untrammelled—then re-

appearing, after a transformation process, quaintly pretty and helpless.

Which?

"MAMMA, I just saw Uncle Charles riding up the avenue."

"On his new horse?"

"No, he was in a victoria."

"You should say he was driving, my dear, if he was in a carriage."

"But he wasn't driving. The coachman was driving."

"All the same, darling, you should say he was driving. It is an English custom."

"Could I say Uncle Charles and his coachman were there and Uncle Charles was driving?"

"No, you needn't say who drove. Others will know what you mean."

THE NEXT DAY.

"Oh, papa, I saw you driving today."

"I think not, Bessie."

"Yes, in an omnibus."

"But I was not driving. I was simply riding in the omnibus."

"Mamma says we drive, unless we are on horseback or holding the reins ourselves."

"Does she? Well—er—that's all right."

"Then you were driving in the omnibus."

"Well, no; not exactly. One shouldn't say that."

"But we ought to tell the truth."

"Yes, of course; but—I am busy now."—Life.

Is Your Daughter in School?

There are thousands of sickly school girls dragging their way through school who might be enjoying the full vigor of their youth by taking Scott's Emulsion.

"Advertised by Our Loving Friends."

—Shakespeare.

Every night, in more than one hundred theaters in the United States and in Europe, the American Biograph is reproducing its marvelous picture, the New York Central's "Empire State Express," running at sixty miles an hour, and other illustrations of the beautiful scenery along this great line.

At the Knickerbocker Theater, New York, W. H. Crane is delighting the audiences with the account of his first railroad trip, New York to Utica, via "America's Greatest Railroad." No line in the world secures so much free advertising as the New York Central, simply because it forms an important link in the journey round the world, being the only trunk line whose trains start from the city of New York, the second city of the world, and whose through cars reach all the important commercial centers of the continent, and furnish a service for the traveling public that is unapproached by any other line.—From Troy Press, December 23, 1898.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

UNDER THE TREES, in the cool, after a spin on the MASSEY-HARRIS wheel



Salesrooms: Cor. Adelaide and Yonge Streets
1388 Queen Street West, Toronto

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND A. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, hand-drawn, illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE:
SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING
Adelaide Street West • Toronto
Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE (Business Office) No. 4709

Subscriptions for Canada and United States addresses will be received on the following terms:

One Year \$2.00
Six Months 1.00
Three Months50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
LIMITED, PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 12 TORONTO, MAY 6, 1899. [No. 25]



THE production of *Cyrano de Bergerac* was a fine finale to a checked season of good, bad and indifferent entertainments at the Grand Opera House, and satisfied the highest expectations of the most critical. The carload of scenery were set up in ravishing and picturesquely beautiful array, the various roles were intelligently handled by the great host of players, and Cyrano himself gave no evidence of the long and hard season's work he is completing; Mr. Mansfield was as smartly epigrammatic in tone and gesture as he had to be in speech, and held his vast audiences rapt as he ranted, moralized, jibed, dared and wooed with the facility and the recklessness of the Gascon cadet. To be perfectly frank, I have hitherto undervalued Mr. Mansfield; each new role I have happened to see him in has deepened Mansfield-phobia in me, but Cyrano converted me—in quick order. The character of the Gascon, the wit, the depth, the courage, the



knowledge and the determination, are each in turn so strong and so estimable. The artistic excellence grows to the climax in the death scene. The fewer people who dilute one's attention when Cyrano is on the stage, the better; one needs it pure and strong to follow him. As for Roxane, she was beautiful, graceful and daring in her wilful way. The expedient by which she bamboozles the priest into marrying her to her lover, her mischievous triumph account of her wiles and their effect in securing her a safe passage through the enemy's lines, when she visits her husband, her gradual intellectual appreciation of mind above matter, and her sad utterance when she finds how fate and Cyrano have fought her with her own weapons and fooled her all through, kept the audience interested and admiring to the end.

The story of Cyrano and his nose, his wit, his daring and his self-abnegation, are household words among us. This week we have seen the thing portrayed, and realized how much has been added to the play we had studied and liked, by the voice and the figure and the action of the hero. The loud, swaggering, gasconading swordsman more repelled than attracted at first; but as his life-story went on, his secret love, his overlooked excellences, his mortification, his supreme loyalty as he listened to Roxane's frenzied grief, steadily adding his "Yes,



tion, are household words among us. This week we have seen the thing portrayed, and realized how much has been added to the play we had studied and liked, by the voice and the figure and the action of the hero. The loud, swaggering, gasconading swordsman more repelled than attracted at first; but as his life-story went on, his secret love, his overlooked excellences, his mortification, his supreme loyalty as he listened to Roxane's frenzied grief, steadily adding his "Yes,

Roxane!" to her praises of her dead husband's fancied gifts of mind and expression; as his temper soured and his quarrels increased under the long strain of denial and emotional famine, then, as he gallantly flouted death and slashed here and there at the foes of his fancy, Roxane half-hiding from him, his friends standing aside, the little, lonely man was everyone's hero, for whose sorrows and pathetic life women sighed and all lamented.

Mr. Mansfield, apart from histrionic gifts, is a superb stage manager. His people move intelligently and group themselves perfectly; in the duel scene, the crowd is a real intervening crowd, not a fringe as a background; one only gets glimpses of the fray. I saw a parody of Cyrano de Bergerac last fall at Weber & Field's. I could not laugh much at it. The play is so quaint, grotesque and high-strung that there is not good material in it for a parody. One could not out-swagger the Gascon cadet's swagger, nor out-rant Cyrano's speeches. No comic aspect would be more fetching than the futile and hasty efforts of the ragged cadets to spruce up and be presented by their sounding old titles to the reckless, merry Roxane, on her visit to the camp. There are, doubtless, persons to whom Cyrano de Bergerac does not appeal. We know what he would say of them. That knowledge reconciles one to them; they are useful pegs upon which funny thoughts hang. With an airy wave of the hand and a snort he would dismiss them. Mr. Mansfield, being dead, refused to make a speech, in spite of the whistles and cat-calls of the gods, for which thinking souls were grateful to him. He came unwillingly for one brief instant before the curtain—minus his enormous nose—and bowed low in silence when everything was done and the last act over. He has given Toronto theater-goers a rich treat, and one for which long anticipation had developed a fine hunger. Never has a play been read here so freely in advance, owing mainly to the fact that a Toronto woman was the first Roxane and a Toronto publisher brought out the book of the play especially in her honor; and while it seems that Miss Katherine Grey perfectly filled the role of the *precieuse*, let us hope that some day we may see our own Margaret Anglin in it. The audiences on each night were large and brilliant and swelled by parties from adjacent cities.

Miss Alma Chester, a Toronto girl, is the star in the play at the Toronto Opera House this week, and is being well received, considering the fact that the nights are now growing warm for theater-going. Herminie is a play of much interest, and the novelty of introducing specialties between the acts pleases the audiences.

The Two Orphans is presented at the Princess Theater this week as the closing performance of the season. The most interesting fact in connection with the play, to the patrons of the Princess, is the return of Miss Helen Byron, who was so great a favorite last year.

Numerically Correct.

The fair Euphemia Brown is 1.
And quickly 2 the church she dies.
W13 son for the hasty act.
Be 4 her ardent lover's eyes:
"If 5 to meet your irate pa,
I fear 'twill make me 6," said he.
"Unless this 7 I plan of yours
Should culminate suspiciously.
Oh, Fate, be but in this be 8.
I 9 nothing more from thee!"
—The Czar.

Mr. Evarts and Artist Chase.

WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS, once Attorney-General of the United States, Secretary of State, and United States Senator from New York, has been living in his home in New York City, in close retirement, for the past six years. Many times it was reported that he had lost his mind, and again that he was at death's door from physical ailments.

Neither is the case. Though far from being well, his mind is clear and active and his old-fashioned home, now in the heart of business in the bustling East Side, is visited almost daily by some of the most distinguished men and women of the nation, who find the old lawyer mentally as alert as ever, and physically as well as his years permit.

William M. Chase, N.A., the painter, who is a personal friend of Mr. Evarts, relates many anecdotes of the veteran statesman. He painted the portrait of Mr. Evarts which now hangs in the State Department in Washington.

Mr. Evarts, in many respects, was a difficult subject to paint. He was not restless, but he was painfully thoughtful. One morning he interrupted the painter:

"Mr. Chase, I understand that you are a famous marksman—that you can split playing-cards, print your name with bullet-marks and do all manner of feats. This great skill," went on Mr. Evarts, "must give you wonderful confidence among your fellowmen. It should make you quarrelsome. Very few men would have the hardihood to challenge you to fight a duel."

"You're wrong, Mr. Evarts," broke in the artist warmly. "I never would challenge a man to fight a duel unless he were as good a marksman as I am."

"Ah!" said Evarts, with a dry smile, "I can read the future. I shall pick up my paper some morning and see this: 'Mr. W. M. Chase, the artist, and Mr. Jones, the sculptor, met yesterday under the field of honor in Hoboken. At the command to fire, both men pulled their triggers and the bullets met in mid-air.'"

"And you say the idiot of a teacher told you that you had an extravagant fool of a father?" "That's what he meant." "But what did he say?" "He said it was criminal folly to waste money on the education of such a chump as I am."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SPORTING COMMENT



LAST year when the manager of the Toronto Street Railway Company was interviewed by an alderman about watering the track allowances, he stated that the watering was done

at hours of the day provided for by an arrangement with the city engineer, and that if the wheelmen of the city had a grievance they should carry it to that official of the city. The electric sprinklers could, he said, be run at whatever hours the City Engineer preferred. It appears that nothing was done about it, and the twenty-five thousand bicyclists of Toronto usually find all the leading streets of the city flooded with water at six o'clock, when most of them are going home. The greatest activity in street watering is shown before 9 a.m. and after 5 p.m. It would surely do the streets as much good and the wheelmen less harm if the watering were done at 6, 9 and 11 a.m. and 2, 4 and 7 p.m., instead of at the present hours. Just now the electric sprinklers rush east, west and north just about five minutes ahead of the great rush of wheels moving to and from the center of the city, night and morning. Bicycle riders are of the opinion that this is planned for their discomfort.

From the Dundas street bridge to High Park there is a foot-path beside the block-paved road, and along this path with little children walk every Sunday to and from that noble park. An odd bicyclist took to that path early last year, but before the summer ended very many avoided the roadway altogether and bicycles were constantly on the path. Now, although five wheels go along the roadway for one that takes the footpath, yet the latter is boldly claimed by those who wheel along it, and bells clanging imperatively and gruff warnings to "look out there" compel parents to step into the roadway with their children to let these selfish wheel-riders pass. It is a bold encroachment upon the rights of pedestrians, and as an ardent bicyclist I am glad to observe that four out of five wheelmen refuse to use the path, and dissuade their acquaintances from using it. Boys are the chief offenders, riding wheels with bells which they love to ring, and apparently believing that when they give this warning everybody and everything must scuttle out of the way. Strangely enough, after these ignorant boys the worst offenders are women of every age when not accompanied by escorts. The smoothness of the path seems to cause female cyclists to forget that kind consideration for other people which should be the chiefest grace of womanhood. A mother on a wheel cannot "put herself in the place" of the mother walking along the path with her little ones, while a father on a wheel can and does perceive the rights of the father walking with his children. I spent an hour last Sunday morning watching that path, and was forced to conclude that men are more considerate than women of the rights of strangers. If two or three women wheeled up they took the path saying, "Isn't this lovely?" and clanging their bells to make women and children get out of the way. If two or three women and a man wheeled up, the women would start for the path, but the man would say: "Stick to the road—it's a little rougher—but look at all the kids and baby-carriages," or he would say: "That's for people walking." More than once the man would stick to the road while the women would defiantly take the path. That children will be badly injured or killed by these selfish cyclists is almost a certainty, and some instant regulation is required. Last year cyclists rode that path slowly and apologetically; now they ride it swiftly and aggressively. Those men are the true friends of bicycling who keep off that and all other foot-paths, and try to be as courteous when on their wheels as when on their feet.

The longer the wheel continues to be the rage, the more apparent it becomes that the C.W.A. was right in its fight against making it compulsory upon cyclists to use bells. I am almost prepared to advocate a by-law in Toronto forbidding the use of bicycle bells. Observation tells me that in most cases—not in all, of course—the bicyclist who uses a bell divests himself of responsibility and demands from pedestrians the right of way. He throws upon them the onus of avoiding an accident. The bicyclist without a bell accords to pedestrians the right of way, he slows up at crossings and waits for an opening through which he may move. He calls no attention to himself and wants none—he takes the necessary precautions himself and desires nothing better than to be unnoticed by pedestrians, with whom he will never collide if they do not fatuously dodge and deceive him with a display of false intentions.

The first home game of the professional ball season will be played at Island Park on Saturday next, May 13, Toronto vs. Worcester.

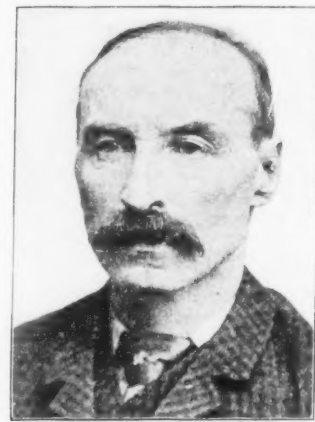
Those Gypsies.

TSIGANES are having a bad time of it in Paris just now. Some years ago Tsiganes were all the rage to play at balls and soirées. Then came the Princess de Chimay scandal, which scattered the gypsy musicians to the four quarters of Paris, this time not to fashionable houses, but restaurants and cafes. Later on the Tsiganes took on, if not loftier airs, for that was impossible, loftier places. In many restaurants they were made to go to roost on high platforms, screened from observation. Ladies asked why, and men professed not to know. Now the cat is let out of the bag by a case decided the other day in the tribunal of commerce, where the proprietor of a well-known restaurant near the Vaudeville made the leader of a band

of Hungarians pay a two-hundred-franc fine for not playing when told. The defence was that the proprietor would not allow the Tsiganes to hand around the plate. This was worth much more to them than their salary, and naturally the musicians sulked, and putting them in a cage at the top of the house capped the climax. The proprietor at the trial produced a contract, and showed that the right to make collections was not named in the bond. "Yes," replied the Hungarian, "that may be, but it is customary." The proprietor then got excited, and told the whole story. "These Tsiganes are good musicians, but a perfect nuisance. My customers complained so vehemently of the way they passed around the plate, ogling the ladies and staring some out of countenance, casting languishing smiles here and there, trying to make conquests a la Rigo, that I was obliged to put a stop to the whole thing."

The Escape of Pare and Holden.

THE Napanee bank robbery has been from the first the most sensational and interesting case of the kind that has occurred in Canada for many years. Although SATURDAY NIGHT avoids sensationalism it has from the first, in regard to this case, thrown itself actively into the thick of the affair, while giving no heed whatever to other robberies and to those graver crimes which are reported at such length in the daily newspapers. The reason of this was that the Napanee case involved some important principles which seemed to call for careful consideration. We have an excellent judicial system and one capable of adjusting itself, without the assistance of this or any other newspaper, to circumstances as they arise, but it must not be forgotten that when SATURDAY NIGHT began its criticisms of this case the Crown was a mere spectator, while the Dominion Bank, through Pinkerton detectives, handled the case to suit its own interests. That Pinkerton detectives should come into this country and forestall the officers



Pare.

of the Crown in a Crown case, was against public policy and demanded a protest, and the whole history of the case from that day to this has justified the protest we then made. Blame the people of Napanee as you may for their vicious confidence in W. H. Ponton when his interests were safely in the hands of judge and jury, but the fact stands that it was the Pinkerton men and the methods they employed that overthrew public confidence and caused regrettable demonstrations, that finally made two of the greatest criminals in America the darlings of the prosecution, while one man of fair character and another of excellent character were set upon as being the most dangerous of living men. Stranger bed-fellows Justice never had than Pare and Holden, present address unknown.

The sensational features of the case were all put into shadow when on Monday morning it was learned that Pare and Holden had escaped from the jail at Napanee. It appears that Pare picked five locks and wrenched off a sixth in freeing himself and Holden and getting into the jail yard. Here cordwood was convenient and afforded a means of gaining the top



Holden.

of the wall. Two blankets, tied together, made a rope that let them down on the outside. In the morning they were gone, with probably several hours' start.

The prosecution contended that Pare could not have robbed the bank without inside assistance, and now that he has walked through six locks there are those who say that he must have had outside assistance. When will "Mr. Pair-ee's" professional ability be recognized at its true worth? Usually a man's ability is recognized when he is "gone," and "Mr. Pair-ee," who never was Mysterio so much in his whole life as during the trial at Napanee last November, is gone. Of course Pare had wire to make the skeleton keys with, but it must not be forgotten that when it was necessary for him to produce keys once before to buttress his evidence, he found them in the floor of his cell. At the trial last fall it came out in evidence that detectives in experi-

mental frames of mind had supplied him with wire to make keys, which were exhibited to the court and examined with deep interest.

Apparently it occurred to nobody that this prisoner, who was treated with so much deference, had any other intention but to give his evidence and then take holy orders and expiate his early follies. Keys are little things, wire is humble material, months are long, and prisoners who have special privileges may find special opportunities. The people in the jail may well have failed to value Pare at his dangerous worth, for they had the example of abler and shrewder men who seem to have been completely taken in by his desire to make a full confession, and by the strong enmity that seemed to exist between these two old-time partners in crime.

The question is not only how did Pare escape, but why? The Crown prosecutor announced at the last trial that Pare would be allowed to go unpunished because of turning Queen's evidence. Why, therefore, should he break jail and become a hunted man? Those who think that his story was cooked up to save his own hide, answer that he feared exposure at the forthcoming trial. In addition, however, to this possible danger, there were no doubt other considerations. His old partner was in the toils, and naturally he wished to get him out. But more powerful than that, perhaps, was his professional pride. He humbled his pride repeatedly while in the box at Napanee by declaring things to be impossible which he knew to be simple enough. To live all winter in that jail and then walk out with his partner in tow as soon as the nice weather arrived; to take pains to leave behind the simple bits of wire used by him in escaping—thus would he show simple folk how great a master he was of his business. To beat the law against which he has made war for twenty years is the purpose to which he devotes mind, hand and tongue as occasion needs.

Before going, Pare would ask himself how it would work out. Having escaped before, and eluded capture for ten years, he would be confident of success if once he got away. He would also figure that if recaptured he could knock the Crown sky-high by swearing that his previous evidence was all bosh; or knock the defence sky-high by swearing that he had been assisted to escape by being supplied with a file and bits of wire. In either case he would establish his professional standing, and strange as it may appear to honest men, there is abundant testimony to show that there is no expert in the world vainer of his craftsmanship than the skilled burglar. He would consider his chances of remaining free, one hundred to one, while, if caught again, he would expect to be still master of the situation. But he has lost that eminence.

His escape has filled both Crown and defence with consternation. Nobody can say what turn affairs will now take, but W. H. Ponton will probably have another year with this thing hanging over him. And somewhere two men with seamy faces and some sense of humor, are indulging in coarse laughter as they gloat over a long series of circumstances.

Talking to and of People.

(The following is a selected conversation from A Double Thread by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, whose previous book, Concerning Isabel Carnaby, found so many admirers. Published by William Briggs, Toronto.)

At that moment Lady Silverhampton came up and joined them. "You can't play or sing or anything, can you, Captain Le Mesurier? Because, if you can, I shall have to ask you to do so."

"No; I cannot perform any parlor tricks, I regret to say."

"What a comfort!" exclaimed his hostess, sinking on to a sofa. "I can't bear having people here who can do things; because then they are always wanting to do them, and that is so tiresome for everybody else. Besides, I think it is so commonplace to be accomplished, don't you? From a society point of view it is better to murder one's mother-in-law than to play the piano after dinner."

"And much better sport, I should fancy," added Jack.

"You would have said so if you had known the Dowager Lady Silverhampton in the days of her flesh. If I hadn't had the temper of an angel, that old woman would never have died peacefully in her bed. You can't think what a trial she was to me. She seemed to think that I had somehow poached on her preserves by marrying her son; which was absurd, because she couldn't possibly have married him herself, you know."

"How tiresome of her!" said Elfrida. "I don't think I could ever get on with a mother-in-law, so I have made up my mind to have none, but to be an orphan-in-law."

"But sisters-in-law are a million times worse, because it takes a woman of one's own age to find one out. I really wouldn't have married Silverhampton if he'd had sisters, because they'd have seen through all my little dodges, which the Dowager, I am thankful to say, never did. And, then, think of a woman with Silverhampton's nose! She would have been unbearable. Oh! I am very thankful that he never had any sisters."

"But it must be nice to have a sister of one's own," remarked Jack.

"It is; no household should be without one. Sisters and brothers are the only people who can tell the truth to each other without making enemies, and they are the only friends who can exist without flattery."

"If I had a husband I shouldn't flatter him," said Elfrida.

"Then, my dear, he'd beat you, and with my full approval. A woman who won't flatter is like a piano that won't play. It may be an imposing piece of furniture, but it isn't a piano. Now, take Sophia Lumley; she prides herself—positively prides herself—on never saying pretty things to people. She might just as well pride herself—as so many people

seem to do—on not being able to take cream, or exercise. Why on earth should people pride themselves on their infirmities? They ought rather to be ashamed of them, I should say. Yet I've seen people bridle with conceit when they said they must have milk and not cream in their tea. Haven't you?"

"Often," agreed Elfrida; "as if it were a sign of excessive refinement."

"I know; and they are just as proud of not being able to say nice things as they are of not being able to take nice things, and where the virtue of it all lies, goodness only knows! What there is to be proud of in being spiteful and bilious I cannot imagine; but these qualities seem to inflate their possessors. Only the other day Sophia Lumley went out of her way to tell me that I looked quite my age; and seemed as pleased with herself for doing so as if she had just said grace instead of insulting me."

"How exactly like her," said Elfrida sympathetically. "She told me the other day that if I heard what people said of me behind my back—instead of only what they said before my face—I should find out that I had fewer friends than I imagined."

"What a disagreeable person Sophia Lumley must be!" exclaimed Jack.

"But the sickening part of it is," his hostess continued, "that she counts all this to herself for righteousness, and positively pats and strokes her conscience the whole time. If she only knew how horrid she is, I could bear it; but when she mistakes her villainess for virtue it makes me feel positively ill."

"I wonder how old she is herself?" Elfrida remarked. "She must be at least forty."

"And the rest," cried Lady Silverhampton. "The other day she told me with pride that somebody had guessed her age to be thirty-nine; and things are pretty bad with a woman when she is flattered at being taken for thirty-nine."

Captain Le Mesurier smiled. "Then she is old enough to know better than to go on in this way."

"Oh! she'll never know any better, not when she is ninety-nine. She is regularly disagreeable, and always will be. I'd rather play the piano than behave as Sophia Lumley does, for I think it is even better to be accomplished than to be spiteful."

"I wouldn't go as far as that," said Elfrida cautiously.

"I would. Why, my dear, I would sooner sing hymns to a concertina than say nasty things to people; it would make one less unpopular in the long run."

"How about saying nasty things of people?" suggested Jack.

"Oh! that's quite different. As long as people are civil to me to my face, I don't care what they say behind my back; our faces are our own but our backs are our neighbors'. We are all like cottages with neat little gardens in front and dirty linen hanging out to dry in the back-yard; and it is our own fault if we poke our heads out of our back windows and hear what our neighbors are saying about us there."

"But people, such as Miss Lumley, appear to open your back windows for you," Jack said.

"That is where they are so tiresome and impertinent. Who on earth wants to know the truth about themselves? I don't, and I never met anybody who did. So why this compulsory education should be forced upon us is more than I can say. What we want is a muzzling order for all sincere and truth-speaking persons; that would make the world a much better and happier place."

And Jack and Elfrida agreed with their hostess.

The North-West Canada.

Oh would ye hear, and would ye hear
Of the windy, wide North-West!
Faith! 'tis a land as green as the sea,
That rolls as far and rolls as free.
With drifts of flowers, so many there be,
Where the cattle roam and rest.

Oh could ye see, and could ye see
The great gold skies so clear,
The rivers that race through the pine-shade dark,
So far they seem as near.

Then could ye feel, and could ye feel
How fresh is a Western night!
When the long land-breese rise and pass
And sigh in the rustling prairie grass,
When the dark blue skies as clear as glass,
And the same old stars are bright.

But could ye know, and forever know
The word of the young North-West!
A word she breathes to the true and bold,
A word minknow to the false and cold,
A word that never was spoken or sold,
But the one that knows is blest.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

Watch for it on King Street.

The latest affectation, according to a veracious New York paper, is to turn your toes in. On Fifth Avenue, any fine afternoon, the feet of all the smartest men and girls point inward. Closer scrutiny reveals that they are very obviously doing it "a-purpose," but that only heightens the impressiveness of the thing. Men are more given to it than women. It is essentially a man's affectation, and the woman who appropriates it does so upon the same principle that she appropriates his cravats and collars. Upon man, too, the affectation is more sensational. With feet shod in the extra-heavy and extra-big boots so fashionable just now, and accompanied by the popular peg-top trousers, the turned-in toes are at their awkwardest. It is all on account of the game of golf. Much golf makes one pigeon-toed, as is proved by the devotees of the game. Instinctively in driving and swinging the feet veer inward, and before long they point that way off the links as well as on them. This principle once established, the next step was that all ambitious to become golfers should turn their toes in. Then everybody who hoped to be taken for a golfer began to turn his toes in, and finally all those who blindly do a thing just because everybody else is doing it, and no matter how ugly and senseless the thing may be, become pigeon-toed.

FORECASTING THE WEATHER.

Some Interesting Information About Old Probs.



Storm Signal,
Kincardine.

THE ever present weather! Like the poor, it is always with us; not, like the poor, to be always relied upon; the most discussed, turned-over topic extant; wielding its influence daily upon commerce, causing the heart to sing, and the green hills to skip as young lambs, or necessitating a mackintosh while the sombre hills huddle their crests like vagrant beings. I have the word of a very erudite and very first-class tobacco connoisseur that a cold spell between seasons costs his business fifty dollars a week. It is too cold to smoke. Men who would have dropped in to buy cigars walk briskly away, to the great detriment of the tobacco dealer. Anyone who has been a shoe-shiner knows the lamentable blanks in the cash-register scroll caused by a "nawsty" day. The banker will tell you the effect of the first snow-fall on business. People will not pay their debts on a dark, lowering day. The joyous scratch of receipting pens is heard when the sun sparkles. The policeman walks, hands crossed behind, on bright days; he becomes alert on dismal ones, for then crime stalks. It would be interesting to learn the influence possessed by the weather on other walks of life besides that of the policeman. In Christendom, bitter feminine enemies smile to agree on one point—the day is fine. We are told in one heathen country a casual acquaintance enquires after the state of his heathen friend's stomach, but in reality it is the effect of the weather on the stomach that is the query.

So overwhelming is the importance of the weather, primarily for the next thirty-six hours, that it may be said man gets up in the morning and reads "the Probs," which leads us to our subject, what is "the Probs?" Is an airy missive dropped, letter-headed "Mars," between sunrise and sunset, reaching the daily papers through some sublime Associated Press? The modern child will not believe that; a woman will crook her little finger and say it is done by means of "instruments;" the acme of ignorance is reached if the old inhabitant is questioned. He who knows all about the weather, knows nothing about it.

We are told that the Hon. the Minister of the Interior decided, in a Canadian map published for the United States, that there was no Ottawa. Had he done the same with Toronto there would be no weather in Canada, for Toronto is the head center, or controlling station, of our weather. The Anglo-American spirit seems, having served its purpose, to be laid, but atmospherically Toronto is daily in direct communication with Washington.

The method of arriving at the probable weather for the ensuing day is more or less complex, and is the special study of the weather forecaster, who by means of the telegraph "compares notes," or rather exchanges observations, daily, and with this knowledge and his special training is able to forecast the probable weather.

For the purpose of the weather man the whole of Canada and the United States is divided into one hundred stations, from each of which are transmitted daily two messages, at 10 a.m. and 10 p.m. sharp, standard time.

These messages are sent in code under the following heads:

1. Name of station.
2. Pressure and temperature.
3. Precipitation.
4. Direction of wind, state of weather and wet thermometer.
5. Current, wind velocity and minimum (or maximum) temperature.
6. Frosts, etc.
7. Thunder storms.
8. Fog, haze or smoke.



Quebec Observatory, Plains of Abraham.

9. Upper or lower clouds, etc.
The following is a sample of an observation taken in Toronto recently and written in code:

"Toronto thirteen lushburg sacrum essence weeping currency charade."

This cypher is translated at sight by despatchers and map men, who scrutinize it with the utmost care. Extended, the above eight words amount to some thirty-four, and the message informs the station for which it is destined that at Toronto the barometer reads 90", temperature 74", "lushburg" says one-tenth of an inch of rain has fallen, weather fair, north-west wind, wet bulb reading 70", and so with the other words.

As these despatches are each sent at a certain hour, it takes just about one and a half hours until Toronto is in receipt of the one hundred, more or less, messages, containing weather observations from all over America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and in the same time Washington and the other centers obtain like information.

Thus the Toronto operator receives returns from fifteen or twenty places in Canada; he immediately forwards a copy to Washington. The Washington operator does the same when twenty or thirty messages are received. When Chicago gets a batch of forty or fifty, a copy is forwarded to Washington and another of the same to Toronto, so these winged facts are always traveling in circuit until they reach their head centers, either at Washington or Toronto. Even far-away Bermuda sends its messages twice daily.

It now remains for the map man to turn these observations into his chart and make his study for the next thirty-six



Signal Mast, Halifax Citadel.

hours, and the value of the result will depend, first on the accuracy of the observations, and on his own skill and experience.

The meteorological system of Canada is under the control of the Dominion Government, the total grant yearly being \$65,000, which is always inadequate. The United States spends \$1,000,000 for its service.

There can be no doubt as to the value of weather forecasting. For the month of February, 1899, 89.5 per cent. of forecasts was correct, though it goes as low as 70 per cent.

The office receives in the neighborhood of thirty enquiries a day, and a well known Toronto brewer stated that information received from there had saved him \$1,200 in twelve days.

It might be thought that those in charge of such important work should be well paid, but in Canada at least this is not so, the forecast official receiving \$1,000 per annum less than the chief clerk of the civil service at Ottawa, and \$2,000 less than the corresponding official in the United States.

Following is a series of questions asked the weather office here:

- "Will it be mild enough during the next few days to bring a carload of potatoes from Chicago to Montreal?"
"Will it be too warm during the next few days to kill and ship meat?"
"Will the next three days be mild enough to bring shell oysters from Baltimore?"

The following wire is amongst others:

"Will sharp frost keep off for next few days? Want to lay an asphalt road."
Owners of skating-rinks wish to know if they may flood their premises, and as far as he is able the weather man answers. It may be said in conclusion that if there is one individual for whom the trained weather forecaster has deep contempt, "the scorn of an open scorn," it is for him who gazes, wide-eyed, at the sun, or the moon, or the clouds, or the horizon—and predicts the weather.

The map is a sheet larger than a page of SATURDAY NIGHT, on which names of stations are dotted, and a space enclosed by a circle larger than a capital O, in which the code translation is entered.

So that spread before him the forecaster sees each station in its geographical relation, accompanied by statistics showing the state of the weather at such place, his horizon stretching north to the North Saskatchewan, south to the Gulf of Mexico, west to the Pacific and east to the Atlantic Oceans. He then draws his lines or curves to every tenth of an inch of pressure as indicated by the barometer, and by this means the exact positions of the high and low pressure areas are at once shown. The winds blow out of the high pressure areas circling as the hands of a watch, and into the low areas circling opposite to watch hands. All winds are deflected to the right, caused by the rotation of the earth on its axis. On land the deflection is at an angle of about forty-five degrees; on water, where friction is not so great, the deflection is less.

It may interest cyclers especially to know that the atmosphere, like water, is always striving to arrive at a state of equilibrium, the more the amount of difference between the high and low pressure areas, the greater the force, as Shelley might say, of what mortals call the wind.

The forecaster estimates that a difference of one-tenth of an inch in pressure in sixty miles will cause a moderate gale. As the storm advances from the westward

the atmosphere is drawn towards it, and in front of the storm the wind is at first from the eastward, and this cooler air mingling with the warm which always accompanies the storm, the storm is, of course, an ascending current of warm air, condensation sets in, and snow or rain falls.

The inexperienced might argue that if all storms travel from the westward, and they cannot move from the eastward against the grand drift of the atmosphere, weather forecasting from a complete map of North America might be a very easy work. So it would be if all storms started from the same point, traveled at the same rate, and were of the same dimensions, but no two storms are alike in any one particular, and their rate of travel varies from ten to nearly one hundred miles an hour.

It is for the official weather forecaster to say, when a storm has developed, to what points it will move and how quickly, and whether increase or decrease, and where other storms, if any, are likely to form.

This can be accomplished only by constant training, combined with a natural aptitude for the work, so that "the man who makes the weather" holds a responsible post.

Toronto's meteorological station is in Queen's Park, a low building to the right of the roadway that leads to Toronto University, and a staff of eighteen is constantly employed, telegraphing, taking observations, scrutinizing maps, etc.

"The Probs" is sent from here, when made up, to every town in Canada over the wires. In case of storms on the lakes special messages are issued to hoist storm cones during the day, replaced by lamps at night, which is done at over forty places on the lakes, from Sault Ste. Marie to Kingston. These funnel-shaped cones warn outgoing mariners as to the amount of wind and the direction whence the storm will probably come, and since 1880, when the system was inaugurated, it has grown in favor until, at present, fishermen along the seacoast, who were sceptical at first, will not go out when these storm signals are displayed. H.

A Loyal Wife.

Empress Elizabeth of Austria and her companion were riding one night through the outskirts of Pesth, when they heard the screams of a woman from a rickety hovel. Both leaped from their horses and rushed in, finding in a villainously dirty room, a huge ruffian of a man dragging a woman about by the hair and kicking her. The Empress laid her heavy hunting-whip about the fellow's face, and, surprised at the assault, he dropped his victim and gaped. The ill-used dame, however, sprang to her feet, and in shrill tones demanded to know what "the buzzes meant by interfering with her husband." The Empress burst into a peal of laughter, and taking from her habit a couple of gold ten-gulden pieces, she handed them to this model benedict, exclaiming, "Beat her, my friend; beat her all she wants. She deserves it for being so loyal to you."

"How nice this cake is! Would you be willing to give me your receipt for it?" asked a visitor at the tea-table of old Phoebe Taft. "Why, certainly. It's as easy as nothing to make it. I just take as much flour as I think I'll need, and quite a little dab of butter and a pinch or two of cream-tartar, an' sev'ral eggs if they're plenty, an' less if they ain't, an' mebbe a mite o' salt, an' stir 'em until I git tired, an' bake 'em in an averted oven until I think it's done. That's all there is to it."—Bazar.

Tales of Wayside Inns.

The Retiring of the Hostler from Public Life.



HE services of the hostler at the Royal had been dispensed with that morning, partly because he couldn't manage horses, mainly because he had been drunk for a week. He was now living "quiet and private," to use his own expression, as a guest of the house. His idea of the quietness of private life differed from that ordinarily entertained. He was seated in the public sitting-room playing a piano duet on the table with another quietly disposed gentleman who occupied half his chair. Both added the full strength of their voices to the harmony of the occasion, though neither felt bound to stick to any one air. As for words, they were indistinguishable.

"You don't seem to be letting dull care cut much of a figure," I remarked when they had brought the composition to a triumphant close. Being somewhat crowded for room, during a complicated piano passage, they had overbalanced the chair.

"That's part of our business," said the erstwhile hostler. "Our only trouble is from outside interference."

"Aw! kinds o' people," he remarked presently, as he jabbed a poker the size of a crow-bar down the throat of the self-feeder, "awl kinds o' people, cood, bad and indifferent, and most on 'em rood here's worse'n that."

The gentleman spoke with that peculiar broadening of the vowels "o" and "i" generally noticeable in individuals of sporting inclination or Yankee propensity. He also employed a thick huskiness of voice that might have come from a cold on his chest, or much singing in a high key. It might also, with more probability, have come from much drinking.

"Aw! kinds o' stoves," said he, slamming the ornamental top on the self-feeder, "awl kinds o' black pokers."

These words, though advanced with greatest candor, were so lacking in inference as to incline one to thinking it was unlikely that a cold on his chest had much to do with his aforementioned huskiness. "Aw! kinds o' stoves! While you're pokin' one, another's goin' out. That's what the missus calls neglecting your dooty."

The hostler shook the poker over the head of his collaborator in the late harmonious effects.

"Aw! kinds o' people," said he, "good, bad and indifferent. Aw! kinds o' sweepin' up in the mornin'. Aw! kinds o' horses to tackle before breakfast. Say, I ain't been in the hotel business very long, but I claim there's two things about this hotel I kin handle—that there scall-scuttle and that there horse out in the stable. I'm too many for 'em. I bust the handle off the scall-scuttle yesterday, and the horse—you should just see me handle that horse. Kicked me in the stomach last week. Stallion he is, one of those fellows as lays back his ears and runs up and eats you. Box stall, but the sides ain't higher'n your head. I stand on a barrel and wallop him over the fence every mornin' with a pitch fork. We're gettin' to understand one another fine now. Whenever you hear a noise like a horse eatin' up a stable you'll know I'm doin' me chores out in the barn. I ain't got so far as to feed him yet—the boss has to do that—but I water him. I threw four pails over on him yesterday. I'm studin' that horse at long range, when I've got him broke in so's he don't kick people in the stomach I'll get the boss to let me take him down to the Toronto Exhibition. That'll be quite a treat for him, besides showin' him we're trainin' him on scientific principles."

The hostler paused to take a chew of tobacco.

"The boss says the horse ain't lookin' well. He's always frisky when I see him. But, then, (with a sigh) what do I know about a horse? I went wipin' when I was thirteen, then I was riz to firin' and then to drivin', and I ain't been off an engine for

more'n two sober days since till a month ago. I never had a chanct to study the points of a horse. I knew the difference 'twixt a horse and a cow when I killed one on the track, but that's all. So mebbe this horse ain't lookin' as strong as he should—dunno."

The hostler pushed his hat back on his head and laid down his poker.

"Think I'll go and see if I kin work the missus for a drink," said he.

The swing door leading from the sitting-room to the bar was only half a door. It didn't come within a quarter of the bottom nor a quarter of the top. Consequently conversation taking place in the bar-room could be overheard in the sitting-room.

The voice of the missus sounded firm:

"I wouldn't give you another drop to-night," said she, "not if your tongue was hangin'."

"Mrs. Kribbs, Mrs. Kribbs," came the hostler's voice in tones of husky reproach, "you'll be sorry for them words when I'm gone. I'm a delicate nature. (He had a face as red as a brick.) I can't stand hardship."

"It's a pity about you," said the missus. "Now, just let me ask you one question, Mrs. Kribbs. What have I always said about you? Even when I was hostler, before I started to live private, what did I say? Didn't I say you was the only woman in this world I'd marry if you was single? Didn't I? 'Course I did. And you to turn right 'round and go back on me!"

"If you'd behave yourself I'd never have a word to say against you," said the missus.

"Don't I behave myself?" exclaimed the hostler indignantly.

"Didn't look like it yesterday afternoon."

"Why didn't it?"

"Didn't you go upstairs after dinner at twelve o'clock and lie down on your clean, white bed with your clothes on?—and such a position, with your feet up in the air against the head of the bed and the pillows all mussed up. It nearly scared the girls to death when they saw you. And then to go and throw the water-pitcher down the back stairs, and then scrubbed only this very day. It did belong in your room, and a nice blue pattern jug, too."

"Well, I hollered out what was it doin' there," said the hostler, "an' nobody'd answer."

"What do you suppose it was doin' there?"

"The water in it was dirty," said the hostler.

"That's no reason why you should throw it down the stairs," retorted the missus.

"Well, I never used it," said the hostler.

"If it belonged there I never seen it before. I always wash in the kitchen any-way."

"A nice one you are to sleep in a decent room," said the missus.

"Call that shack a room?"

"It's as good a room as there is in this house," said Mrs. Kribbs. "Sheets changed just as often as my own, and everything just as tidy! I'm sure if you're not satisfied you know what you can do."

"We might just as well be drinkin' while we're talkin'," said the hostler.

"I know you're elevated above this here," continued Mrs. Kribbs warmly, ignoring his insinuations. "I know you're fit for something above a hostler. But just because you used to make \$100 a month on the railroad you needn't turn up your nose at a good clean room and nice clean bleached linen sheets all hemmed by hand, and pillow cases with six insertions and lace on the edges."

"Well now, that's all right. I'd admit I made a mistake. But really, so help me, I didn't recognize that water pitcher."

"It's been in that room for over a year," said the missus.

"Then it was time it was emptied out," said the hostler.

"You say yourself that you never used it," returned the missus.

"Well, give me a glass of beer and a biscuit, Mrs. Kribbs, and we'll call it square," said the hostler. "Come on; I haven't had a drink to-day. I couldn't whistle to save my life."

"No," said Mrs. Kribbs.

"Don't frown, Mrs. Kribbs. You're a very handsome woman when you don't frown. That's it. Now, if you could smile you'd look as pretty as you used to once upon a time. I thought so. Now, Mrs. Kribbs, like a dear, kind lady, give your

humble servant drink that he may quench his thirst."

"This is the last drop you'll get to-night," said Mrs. Kribbs. "I don't care if your tongue was hangin' out ever so."

"Well, here's lookin' at you, Mrs. Kribbs," said the hostler. "You must have been a daisy when you was younger."

The man in the greasy corduroy vest had his arm in his trousers pocket, up to his elbow. "Mosht extraordinary," he was muttering. "Called for two drinks, and when I came to pay for 'em I hadn't a cent on me. Mosht extraordinary."

As he had been muttering this at intervals for the last half-hour, nobody in the sitting-room paid any attention to him. The new hostler was just come and was sitting in the corner with a short black clay stick in his Hibernian countenance. The late incumbent from across the room was regarding him fixedly.

"Don't grunt, George," he said kindly. "It ain't etiquette for a hostler; besides, it gets on my nerves."

The new hostler smiled bashfully. As he was a gnarled old fellow, twice the age of his predecessor, the latter's fatherly tone sounded oddly.

"Now, George," said the former hostler, "you with the belt-line whiskers—I want you to promise me to take right a holt here when I'm gone. Will you do that?"

"Yas," said George.

"I won't be stoppin' at this hotel much longer—I keep movin' on, you know, bein' in delicate health—so I want you to promise to see that things is kep' right and reglar when I'm gone."

"Yas," said George.

"The first thing I want you to do in the mornin' is to lay back your ears and walk into that stove. D'ye understand?"

"Yas," said George.

"Figoratively speakin', mind you."

"Yas," said George.

"Then you tackle the stove in the bar; then run across to the stove in the other sittin'-room—they'll provide you with a poker; then the stove in the upstairs hall. After that you'll be feelin' good, so go out and have a wrastle with the stallion. Then chop a half a cord of wood and pile it up behind the kitchen stove. You're paying attention, George?"

"Yas," said George.

"Well, then you sweep up the house, and the front stoop, and the back yard. When you've got your chores all done—all on 'em mind you, George—you can come in and have your breakfast."

"Yas," said George.

"And I want to tell you, George, that if you want to follow the hotel business or the hostler business you couldn't have come to a better place to learn it. And they don't charge you anything either, George. Now, can I trust you, my child, to carry on the business when I shall be far away?"

"Yas," said George.

"Shake hands on it," said the former hostler.

"Go to blazes," said George.

"That man used to have a run on the main line. Engine-driver of the fast express, \$100 a month," said the bus-driver on our way up to the station. "Took to drink, was warned, laid off for two months, put on a run on a spur, got drunk again—fired bodily. Hasn't got a cent saved up. He took a job as hostler at the Royal, and now he's lost that. He's stoppin' at the house now till his hostler wages is spent, which will be to-morrow mornin', and then he'll be completely on the bum."

"What'll he do?" I asked.

"Go on the tramp, I guess," said the bus-driver cheerfully. "There's your train whistlin' now, sir."

S. H.

The Man With the Hoe.

(Written apropos of Millet's painting, "The Man With the Hoe.")

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,

The emptiness of ages in his face,

And on his back the burden of the world.

Who made him dead to rapture and despair,

A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,

Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?

Who loosened and let down his brutal jaw?

Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?

Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave

To have dominion over sea and land?

To trace the stars and search the heavens for power?

To feel the passion of Eternity?

Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns

And pillared the blue firmament with light?

Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf

There is no shape more terrible than this—

More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!

Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him

Are Plato and the swing of Pegasus?

What the long reaches of the peaks of song?

The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?

Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;

Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;

Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,

Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,

Cries protest to the Judges of the World,

A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,

Is this the handiwork you give to God?

This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?

How will you ever straighten up this shape?

Give back the upward looking and the light?

Rebuild in it the music and the dream?

Touch it again with immortality?

Make right the immortal infamies,

Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,

How will the Future reckon with this Man?

How answer his brute question in that hour

When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?

How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—

With those who shaped him to the thing he is—

When this dumb Terror shall reply to God

After the silence of the centuries?

EDWIN MARKHAM.

Wife—How does this read John, "Good plain cook wanted!" Husband—Well, that's the kind of cook that is good.

A Water Cure.

Fliegende Blaetter.



Fliegende

"What! Mrs. A., your husband comes home late every night. I cured my man of that long ago. Every time he was even as late as half-past ten I met him with a large tumbler of water which I made him drink. He never comes home later than ten o'clock now."

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
New York, Southampton (London) Bremen
Lahn, May 16; Kaiser Fried May 23; Trave, May 30; Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, June 6; Lahn, June 13; Kaiser Fried, June 20; Kaiserin Marie Theresia, June 27.
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, largest and fastest ship in the world.
First saloon, \$75 up; second saloon, \$40 to \$50.
New York—Southampton—Bremen
Barbarossa, May 18; Fried der Grosse, June 1; Koenigin Luise, May 25; Bremen, June 8.

MEDITERRANEAN GIBRALTAR NAPLES, GENOA
Saale, May 20; Aller, May 27; Kaiser Wm. 11, June 3; Ems, June 10; Saale, June 24; Aller, July 1.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND
79 Yonge Street, Toronto

AMERICAN LINE
Fast Express Service
New York—Southampton—London
Calling Westbound at Cherbourg
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.
St. Louis, May 3; St. Paul, May 10; Paris, May 17; St. Paul, May 24; St. Louis, May 31; St. Paul, June 7.
RED STAR LINE
New York—Antwerp—Paris
Every Wednesday at 12 noon.
Noordland, May 3; Southark, May 17; Friesland, May 10; Westerland, May 24.
These steamers carry cabin and third-class passengers at low rates.
International Navigation Company, Piers 14 and 15 N. E., Office, 6 Bowling Green, N. Y.
Barlow Cumberland, 79 Yonge St., Toronto

Passages to England

Express and moderate rate ships to South of England and through the English Channel.
Apply for sailings and rates to
BARLOW CUMBERLAND
Steamship Agent, 79 Yonge Street, Toronto

STEAMSHIP and TOURIST TICKETS

Issued by various lines to all parts of the world.
R. M. MELVILLE
Cor. Toronto and Adelaide Sts.
Telephone 3010

Negative Philosophy.

Chicago Journal.
Some sage person has discovered, And has told in verses neat, What a lot of cash 'twould save us If we didn't have to eat.
Let me add unto this wisdom, Though the thought may make you creep, We could hoard up gold in bedclothes If we didn't have to sleep.

Furthermore, 'tis borne upon me, With a force I cannot balk, That we'd save a lot of leather If we didn't have to walk.

So, of all the bills that vex us, The biggest one, I guess, Would be spared for safe investment If we didn't have to dress.

Come to think the whole thing over, Free concurrence you will give, That vast wealth would line our pockets If we didn't have to live.

Anecdotal.

On one occasion a man said to Charles Lamb: "Don't you hate So-and-so?" "How could I hate him? Don't I know him? I never could hate anyone I knew." His deep knowledge of men and his strong sense of humor made hate impossible.

An old lady, who is very much of a bore, paid a visit to a family of her acquaintance. She prolonged her stay and finally said to one of the children, "I'm going away directly, Stanley, and I want you to go part of the way with me." "Can't do it. We are going to have dinner as soon as you leave," replied Stanley.

The local or national titles attributed to British regiments are not much guide to their actual composition. When Lord Spencer was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he inspected the Scots Greys in the Phoenix Park. He stepped before the tallest man in the regiment and said: "My good man, what nationality do you belong to?" "Scotch, yer honor," was the reply. Lord Spencer further asked, "What part of Scotland do you come from?" "Tipperary," was the answer.

A correspondent, quite by accident, fell in with Mr. Kipling on a train. He at once went over to the author and made a faithful attempt to get from him some readable opinions and information. After Mr. Kipling had answered half a dozen of his questions with monosyllables, he suddenly turned upon the young man and said decisively: "It's really no use for you to try to get anything out of me. You see, I've been a newspaper man myself." Now, a reporter with a dozen years' experience on metropolitan papers has not much patience with curt treatment, even from great men, so this reporter replied: "Yes?"

At "The Bookshop."

Mark Twain's Books

The complete English edition of this famous writer's works—sold separately:

More Tramps Abroad
Tom Sawyer
A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur
The Innocents Abroad
Prince and Pauper
Tom Sawyer Abroad
Tom Sawyer, Detective
Huckleberry Finn
Puddinghead Wilson
The Stolen White Elephant
The American Claimant

In Cloth Binding, \$1.35.
In Cheaper Board Covering, 60c.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.,
No. 8 King Street West.

At Simla, I presume." That closed the interview.

Some amusing instances of Irish wit are given in Macdonagh's Irish Life and Character. "Why are Irishmen always laying bare the wrongs of their country?" asked someone in the House. "Because they want them redressed," thundered Major O'Gorman. An Irish navy on the Holyhead boat was complaining of his foreman. "He'd not stir a finger himself to lift a red herring off the gridiron, but he'd ask you to shift the Rock of Gibraltar."

Rudyard Kipling's maternal grandfather was the Rev. George E. Macdonald. It is related of him that in the days when he was courting the lady whom he afterward married, the father-in-law to be—an aged Methodist, with extremely strict notions in regard to the proprieties—was indignant enough on one occasion to enter the parlor without giving any warning of his approach. The consequence was that he found the sweethearts occupying a single chair. Deeply shocked by this spectacle, the old man solemnly said: "Mr. Macdonald, when I was courting Mrs. Brown she sat on one side of the room and I on the other." Macdonald's reply was: "That's what I should have done if I had been courting Mrs. Brown."

Are We Art-Lovers?

The Bishop's Boomerang. Imported Wires.

It was noon time, and many busy workers were scurrying up and down Yonge street to their hurried luncheons. The dealer had placed in his window a great lot of pictures. The just-finished engraving of the rose-hung balconied buildings that hem in old St. Paul's in London town, the monument, the serried ranks of soldiers, prelates, nobles, and in the center the carriage with its cream Hanoverian horses, and its precious little lady, the Queen, God bless her! celebrating her Diamond jubilee. Near by, a glorious engraving of the empty tomb, the angels, the hesitating women, on the first Easter morn. Other fine pictures, but these two most compelling. The crowd rushed by, then one man's eye was caught, held, he stopped, he was looking for the little Queen. He stiffened his back and squared his shoulders, an old soldier every inch of him, and when he saw her the faintest little smile crept about his lips, and he passed on! A woman, tense, weary, perhaps sad, slowly trailed her skirt into the corner beside the Easter picture. She looked long upon it. Searchingly scanning the face of one mournfully solemn angel, until tears filled her tired eyes, and her face suffused with red, what came to her was strong and not unwelcome, in that five minutes she stood gazing at the Resurrection picture, through tears. Then she hurriedly gathered herself together and went speeding down the street, glancing in a frightened way at the clock. Four little boys, whooping and yelling, came to a sudden, huddled, silent stop before the window. One spoke. "Angels," he said, in a whisper, and the other three, peering after his pointing finger, looked through the grime of a fortnight, with the rapid gaze of Raphael's cherubs at the new picture. "Do you like it?" I asked the pointing gamin. "You bet. We always comes here Mondays to see the pitchers," said he, heartily. A couple of young workmen paused and looked silently, a shop girl crowded determinedly between them, and took her fill in a long stare. It was the ideal way to give the pictures to the crowd, and if you want to know how many art lovers we have whom we don't suspect, just put a really fine picture in a big Yonge street window, and stand near by at noon time, while you watch the faces of the working men and women, the girl and the boy, the old people, as they pause to look.

Love of art doesn't really belong to any class or cult. In some foreign cities one may see a carter or a porter leave his load and run across the pavement to look at a picture on exhibition with hearty appreciation and intelligence. On free days in art encouraging centers, it isn't the wealthy who crowd the galleries, but it is then one hears wise criticism and shrewd approbation, fresh and frank from the masses. There is in a back room upstairs in a ramshackle old house quite rear me a little boy who has had a long illness. When I went to see him one day, I was hurried, and said I couldn't stay, but couldn't I send him something to amuse him. "If you'd lend me the lady," he said, shyly, "I'd be ever so much obliged." The lady is a Madonna which every child smiles back at. So I lent him the lady, and he goes to sleep happily, gazing at her, and wakes up with her lovely smile to greet him. I have told him the story of her life, and how it inspired Raphael to paint this sweet picture of her, and we have very artistic conversations nowadays. Other Madonnas are lent to the small boy, and he is learning all about the painters who painted them. Sometimes he turns away from a new one at first, but sooner or later he takes her also into his heart.

The Bishop of Wakefield, whose name is Eden, has been advertising Pinero's play, "The Gay Lord Quex," at a missionary meeting in his diocese. Not that His Lordship intended to do so, but, with its usual contrariness, human nature has overlooked his



Constable—You pulled a bushel of hair off the head of Hans Huberbauer the other day. What have you to say for yourself?
Accused—I merely wished to have a lock of his hair for remembrance sake.
—Fliegende Blätter.

episcopal denunciations and rushed to see the object of them. And Albert Edward of Wales has named his new race-horse Lord Quex, which settles the matter. In consequence of this disapproval and endorsement, The Gay Lord Quex is gayer than ever, and Mr. Hare has cancelled all his out-of-town bookings, to meet the marvelous rush to see the naughty play. Should such happenings become frequent, one will begin to speculate as to whether intense denseness or intense duplicity and accessibility is the power which makes the preacher speak so forcibly. Certain it is, that the surest way to ensure the success of a book or a play is to get some sufficiently prominent cleric to abuse it. The Gay Lord Quex may be bad or rubbishy, and the play may be unutterably stupid or silly, but the Church in the person of Bishop Eden has said it was impossible. Naturally the wilful world cries out with one voice, "Let us go and see it!"

"What do you think of women being imported as wives for our North-West settlers?" writes a man this morning. Well, as Mr. Jinks said when being told Mrs. Jinks was dead, "Is it so serious as that?" It always seemed to me that the young man from England who came to the North-West was, slangily speaking, "sent out to cool off," in nine cases out of ten, and he always seemed to me to have left behind shoals of cousins and girls who were less than kin and more than kind to him. I fancy the settler who had to have his wife imported would make but an indifferent husband when he got her. Can it be that scarcity will so enhance her value that he will think her precious and lovely to behold, even though her front teeth are longer than her upper lip, her hair scant and her eyes weak and pale? You know the type of superfluous women one is asked to find situations for, in England. They tell us that women are wanted so badly in the Klondike! It is a long way off—and most of the women who would be useful out there, the strong, courageous, helpful women, who have fine tempers and are adaptable, and know how to cook and turn everything to account, are just as much in demand right here. One could make up a few carloads from near by who never would be missed, but I doubt if they would go. They like to linger round here and break our hearts and our dishes and wear our clothes and our tempers out. Probably the Mother

Country may have some girls untached and willing to please who would go Alping through the Chilcoat Pass sooner than remain repining in the flower-hedged lanes of England. Literature advertising the delights of frozen pork and no bathtubs might be circulated at once, and if a few of the handsomest miners would send photos to be reproduced with the reading matter, the most timid but susceptible of the superfluities might be attracted and become pioneer heroines. A suggestion has been made to establish training schools, to teach the pioneer-wife business, but if the trained pioneer wife is anything like the trained nurse who faces for the first time pioneer conditions, she would almost be tempted to forget all she had learned and follow Mrs. Gamp's footsteps, or Mother Eve's, or any other body who simply took things as they came and was innocent of a method in her madness. I wonder, indeed, if any civilized country could furnish wives (as per invoice) to the lonesome men folks who seem to want them so badly.

LADY GAY.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

A Traveler's Wife.—You enclose a clipping from a daily paper. Did you intend to take the place of a correspondence coupon? If so, it won't do, dear lady. You were born under the Zodiacal sign of the fishes, and come honestly by the carelessness which made you send me a sketch of Dr. Drummond's reception in place of a coupon. The March people—at once so lovable and so exasperating.

Evenly.—I really must, for I've had several "dashes" to go to Vancouver. May I hope for your charming company on that ride? Oh! how I should indeed enjoy it. Well, some day we shall see what can be done. In the meantime, you are an energetic, determined, and tenacious person, very honest and incapable of meanness, practical, constant, even in temper, and well-balanced in disposition, logical and sensible, careful of details and not apt to make much allowance for "feckless folks." You ought to be one of doers, not one of the dreamers.

May.—Most appropriately, your letter is opened on May day. As to the enclosure, if it be a bona fide letter, I cannot express to you just what I feel about it. For a girl to send her lover's proposal

to a stranger, as a graphological study, and to await my decision to make up her mind as to her answer, is almost too much for my Celtic nerves or my Canadian credulity. I am afraid, my girl, that the words "I love you" mean, "I case the letter was genuine, I shall preserve it, and you may have it back, if you wish, by sending a stamped and addressed envelope."

Miss Inquisitive.—Some of your questions should certainly be quoted, if only to show what feminine absurdities are sometimes unloaded on this column. You are not doing yourself justice when you achieve cheap vulgarity. You are bright, courageous, imaginative, and undisciplined; would be easily cast down; a person of varying moods. You have enterprise and adaptability, self-assertion, good sequence of ideas, very crude and unawakened sympathies, impatience of details, undoubted smartness and cleverness. You should "tie yourself" to a rather material person, blunt, crude, good-natured, and not sensitive, for you'd drive a refined man into drink or despair.

Mickellim.—What a horrible break! Indeed, I am on my bended knees before that man whom I so cruelly used. To say I thought he wore petticoats may, however, have been a very subtle compliment, implying a refinement and sympathy, and tact and patience, suggestive of the gentler and better part of humanity in his study. Don't let him remodel his lines. As for you, my dashing dame, though you wear petticoats, you have a manly spirit, and any weakness you would plead guilty to would not mar the vitality and energy which shines in every line. You are generous, enterprising, dominant and tenacious, have good self-esteem and plenty of nerve, candor, honesty and pride. Generally, you can keep your own counsel. You don't like an argument, because your ideas are not clearly set and well hung together. You jump at conclusions, and are, often, neither correct, and you have a bright and receptive mind, some culture, and a broad outlook. As you are strong, try and remember to be merciful.

Margaret.—It is a strong but not a subtle study. Writer thinks quickly, and has strongly material instincts. Tells most of her thoughts, in a crude state, leaving room for second ones, which are always superior. The writing is really not fit for a delineation, being evidently unformed and inadequate.

Rosebud.—Am I able to answer any question asked me? Good gracious! I am not, indeed! This blessed day, I got a letter asking me how old a certain Toronto lady is. I am emphatically not able to answer that. And you have seen my advertisement in the paper, and have decided to have your fortune told? Go to, Rosebud! Do you want me to figure in the police court? A nice rose-bud you must be!

Leonore.—Have a good time. Go to the friends' parties, even if you can't have parties for them in return. Some day I hope, you'll have a nest of your own to invite them to. This commercial view of hospitality makes me ill. For the theater, I would not go with a man, without a chaperone, in any case, but I know circumstances alter cases. The girl who works for her living is free from a few of the conventionalities and restrictions of the society girl. She can go to the theater with a man or woman friend, and nobody bothers their heads about the matter. Wear the light silk, but do not bare your arms and neck. Think that's the best advice I can give you. As to the stationery, there is nothing the matter with it. Don't date your letters away up in the corner and begin them half way down the page. Put the date midway between the top margin and the beginning of the letter. You cross your 't's a great many ways. Your moods are many.

Gypsy Jan.—It is very far from proper, unless the gentleman is a relative or an accepted lover. It would surely lead to remarks being made, and no careful girl would do it. I am surprised to hear there are so many different opinions on the matter. In conventional circles, I assure you, there is but one, and I never heard it questioned. I will send you a

Uniform and Reliable

There is no chance of being disappointed when the word **MONSOON** is on the package. This is your safeguard. Take no other. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 90 cents per pound.



The Dealer

Makes a great big profit when he sells you an imitation of Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum.

Adams' Tutti Frutti

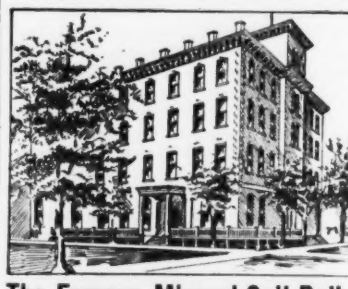
is made from pure chicle gum, and there is no other gum "just as good" or half-so good.

Any Salt

Will do—is that what you tell your grocer? There is a salt that you will remember to ask for, once you try it. It not only remains free, but is absolutely pure, white, natural salt crystals. Made by the Vacuum Process, the only system which ensures perfect purity and evenness of crystal.

Windsor Salt

The Windsor Salt Co. LIMITED WINDSOR, Ont.



The Famous Mineral Salt Baths

OF ST. CATHARINES
For Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Sciatica and allied diseases. For Scrofula and Nervous Affections and Impurities of the Blood. Endorsed by Hare's System of Therapeutics and Allot's System of Medicine. Experienced physicians and attendants in Massage Treatment. Porcelain Baths, Elevator, Hot Water Heating. Apply for circular to MALCOLM SON BROS., The Welland, St. Catharines. Open the year round.



few crests, if you send me your address—or any address to which they may be enclosed. Slang is vulgar, though sometimes expressive. School girl and college slang is idiotic to the world outside. Students glory in it. Well, 'tis a free country.

The best known
Regulator
of the system is
Cibbey's Effervescent
Salt.

J. A. S. Brunelle, M.D., C.M., Montreal, Professor of Surgery, Laval University Medical Faculty; Surgeon to the Hotel Dieu, etc., says:

"I have found it particularly beneficial in the treatment of derangements of the liver and of the digestive organs, and consider that the regular use of a preparation of this nature has a decided tendency to prolong life. I am using it in my hospital practice."

SOLD BY
DRUGGISTS
EVERYWHERE

May 6, 1899

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

9

Art in Brantford.

BRANTFORD is industrious, very. It is more, it is enterprising. Work is its main occupation. It works at commerce, at religion, at social life, at education, and weaves all this wool of life into shape and plan with the warp of politics. Its manufactures are diverse, from blankets and other woollen necessities, and machinery of many sorts, and foods, to telephones, and down to mouse-traps. This latter manufacture is evidently a source of much comfort to the feminine portion of the community.

It makes good business men, good students, any amount of politicians, and has managed to raise an inventor or two. Its ladies are energetic along many lines besides domestic ones, and manage to work a little at literary and musical studies, bicycling, golf, tennis, hockey, embroidery, not to speak of the arduous five o'clock tea—a work not to be lightly spoken of anywhere. Toronto's vexed question will soon need to be discussed at Brantford. This is where to draw the line in society. For as a society lady lately affirmed, "the line must be drawn somewhere. We must draw it at them." When Brantford draws the line, it will know just where it should lie, and what is more subtle, and less easy of solution, just why it should be drawn.

In religious and benevolent works its ladies are also energetic, as is evidenced in the different charitable schemes, and in its successful Young Women's Christian Association, whose congenial little house party partake, apparently, of the prevailing energy. It was at meal time I saw them.

In striking contrast to this activity in all these lines, is the almost general lack of interest in art. Apart from the art taught in Brantford College, little else seems to be done. For twenty-five years Henry Martin, O.S.A., has been art instructor there. Now the department is in charge of J. R. Seavey, O.S.A., of Hamilton, in all but ceramic art, which Miss Spence, of Brantford, teaches, and teaches well. Under these teachers art receives just as much attention as in almost any of our ladies' colleges here. The unifying and rather conservative policy of this college in not permitting any of its instructors to teach their subjects outside of it, tends, it would seem, to restrict art teaching in the city. There is no teaching of art outside of the college apart from that given in the class in wood carving, taught by J. R. Seavey, in which we are glad to say, there are about fourteen students. There is no art school of any sort, no combined effort of any kind in the study of art; little individual effort, and less purchasing of works of art, although Brantford is not lacking in travelers, nor in money. Apart from the yearly Fair and a stray exhibition of an individual artist, no exhibitions are held. There is little or nothing in its municipal life to stimulate art thought. No, Brantford may be a good many things, but there is one thing it is not. It is not artistic.

In the public schools art is not wholly unrecognized. The end in view, however, in its pictures, which are many, is perhaps mainly educational, not purely aesthetic. The Central school contains, its headmaster states, about one thousand dollars' worth of pictures. Apart from a few oil paintings by a local artist, W. Whale, of local scenes, the collection consists mainly of photographs of local gentlemen interested in education or in political life, or as the late Rev. Dr. Cochrane, whose interest was intense in every good public work. The members of the School Board, the Inspector, the Minister of Education, political rivals here and in the Old Land; poets, historians, are all on the walls in large photographs; scenes of historic interest, as the arch of Constantine, the home and graveyard of Robert Burns, and others are also there. The photographs of the inventor of the Bell telephone and his celebrated father; the boy or girl who stood highest in the school at an examination; the picture offered as a competition to the school or to a certain class; the photograph of a scene which the Brantford boy or girl, grown

to maturer years, traveling abroad, sent home to his old school, and a long list of contributions of pictures the gift of Brantford citizens, all evidence great interest in educational work at least, and if not in art for its own sake, at least an appreciation of its utility, which is most commendable. There is quite a collection of statuary.

Our School Board, and some of our citizens, could visit Brantford Central school profitably. Drawing is taught by Miss Long, in the Collegiate Institute. The aesthetic of the Kindergarten, under the capable supervision of Miss Mackenzie, is hopeful.

An Art Students' League would help art life in Brantford immensely, or a branch of the Woman's Art Association. Only those who live isolated lives, of necessity, away from the congenial companionship of those of like interests, know the depressing effect of such isolation. Truly it is not good for man (the generic "man") to be alone. A good live art school whose end is not merely to manufacture professionals, nor merely to help amateurs to "make a few pictures," but to teach the broad science of aesthetics, to give a knowledge of art thought which would be serviceable in the commonest place in life, is a necessity of any up-to-date city. Many of our important country towns are just in the condition of Brantford, without stimulus to art life. Yet our larger cities have more artists than they support. Why there are not enthusiastic sketching classes in the summer, in places where interesting spots abound, is strange. Yet such are anything but common. Surely some of our city artists could visit some of our country towns and cities in summer and find many rejoiced to sketch. That is, of course, if he or she could sketch well themselves. Some artists cannot sketch well nor do anything else well. The demand is for capable artists. Portraiture (we exclude those awful things in black and white) is comparatively unknown.

An exhibition which is of unusual interest, and of value particularly to Canadians, is now on the way at Townsend's Art Gallery. It consists of over a hundred paintings of L. R. O'Brien, R.C.A. Almost all are of recent date, and among them are the best works ever painted by him. The scenes are almost without exception Canadian, and therefore of double interest. Mr. O'Brien's work needs no recommendation at this late date from us. The medium most generally employed by him is water color; but as a true artist, Mr. O'Brien seizes the medium which best expresses his thought, and is able in an unusual degree to obtain the strength of oils in his water colors, and the transparency and simplicity of water colors in his oils. He is master of his medium, not its slave. On Wednesday at 2 p.m. the whole of this valuable collection will be sold.

Miss Edith Hemming, who has been laid aside from her painting for some weeks by illness, is, we are glad to know, quite recovered and prepared to meet her class in miniature painting again. JEAN GRANT.

KIDNEY DISEASES.

Are Positively Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Lincoln County People Know This—Their Experience Has Proved It—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Mrs. Peter O'Brien of Kidney Complaint.

Kilmarnock, May 1.—The people of this section are among the shrewdest and most level-headed people in Canada. They know a good thing when they meet it. And when they "run up against" a good thing they make use of it. That is why Dodd's Kidney Pills have such an enormous sale in this district. That's the reason Dodd's Kidney Pills are used in nearly every household in the county.

It is nothing unusual to hear of several cures of Kidney Disease, every day, by Dodd's Kidney Pills, in this neighborhood. The medicine is in universal use. It has the record of having completely cured every case of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Heart Failure, Urinary Disease, Diseases of Women, or Blood Impurity, in which it has been used. Our people claim that it is the only medicine on earth that will cure these diseases.

A still further claim is made by those who have used Dodd's Kidney Pills. They assert, emphatically, (and to speak the truth, they bring convincing proof), that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are as easily cured, if Dodd's Kidney Pills are used, as is a common cold.

Mrs. Peter O'Brien, of Smith's Falls, whose cure is the latest reported, has many friends in Kilmarnock, and her complete recovery amazes, while it delights them. Her case was a severe one of Kidney Disease, and Dodd's Kidney Pills worked a wonderfully quick and complete cure.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or will be sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

Biggs—I once wrote for Scribner's Magazine. Boggs—Did you? Biggs—Yes; but they refused to send it to me unless I paid my subscription in advance.—EX.

"Where does the boat called a 'smack' properly belong?" "I don't know." "Why, on the face of the waters."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

High Principles.
Punch.

Raphael Green (proudly clasping his epoch-making work, The Rescue of Andromeda, to driver)—Drive to Burlington House, please.
Ultra-modest cabby—No, sir, I really couldn't do it. What would my friends say if they was to see me drivin' that down Piccadilly?

Books and Shop Talk.



An English college professor, recently writing upon style, says that "the business of letters is two-fold, to find words for meaning, and to find meaning for words." It strikes me, writes John Burroughes in the Critic, that the last half of this proposition is not true of the serious writer, of the man who has something to say, but is true only of what is called "the stylist; the man who has been so often described as one having nothing to say, which he says extremely well. The stylist's main effort is a verbal one, to find meaning for words; he does not wrestle with ideas but with terms and phrases; his thoughts are word-begotten and are often as unsubstantial as spectres and shadows. The stylist cultivates words as the florist cultivates flowers, and a new adjective, or a new collocation of terms, is to him what a new chrysanthemum or a new combination of colors is to his brother of the forcing-house. He is more a European product than an American. London and Paris abound in men who cultivate the art of expression for its own sake, who study how to combine words so as to tickle the verbal sense without much reference to the value of the idea expressed. The lust of expression, the conjuring with mere words, is evident. . . . All writers with whom literature is an art aim at style in the sense that they aim to present their subject-matter in the most effective form—with clearness, freshness, force. They become stylists when their thoughts wait upon their words, as in Swinburne, or when their thoughts are word-begotten. Writers like Gibbon, De Quincey, Macaulay, have studied and elaborate styles, but in each the subject-matter is paramount and the mind finds something solid to rest upon.

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler has written another book, which is even brighter in handling and better in plot than Concerning Isabel Carnaby, of which I spoke highly, and which is being widely read in Toronto. A Double Thread is the title of the new book, and it is published for Canada by William Briggs. It is a story of twin sisters, who, in their infancy, lose both parents, one being adopted by the rich and titled paternal grandfather, the other by the poor and obscure maternal grandfather. The girls are so much alike that people who see them in their different spheres are somewhat confused. Elfrida is the rich one. "She had everything that fortune could give her, and consequently was weary of her life, which seems like a paradox but is really a platitude." She was neither tall nor short, but a comfortable "three-quarter size," which made women look short and men tall beside her. Elfrida kept a chaperone after her grandfather, Lord Harland, died, "a widow of unknown age, who made up for her lack of youth by extreme archness. She was a kind-hearted little woman, and would have been really nice if only she had allowed herself to grow up; but girliness, when it becomes chronic, is an irritating malady." Elfrida and Captain Jack Le Mesurier are talking about women in one place and Elfrida makes some explanations:

"Now I have learnt that if a woman appears to hate a man, she really has begun to care for him and is not

yet sure whether he cares for her; it is a form of hedging. But if she appears utterly indifferent to him, they both care and have told each other so."

"Then what does she do when she really is indifferent?"

"She says he is a delightful creature and dances divinely, and she wishes he would take her in to supper."

"And what, when she really hates him?" persisted Jack.

"That he is a most excellent person, and she has the greatest respect for him, but it is a pity that he is so dreadfully middle-class."

The author of this book very skillfully works in her smart conversation, weaving it so well into the story that it does not grow tiresome. A good taste of the book appears on another page.

A great deal of interest has attached to the publication of W. A. Fraser's first volume of short stories, which appeared at the bookstores last week. The Eye of a God, first story in the book, gives the name to the volume, in which there are six stories, the titles of the other five being King for a Day, Djalm, God and the Pagan, His Passport, and The Conversion of Sweet Grass. These stories have all, I believe, established their quality by being accepted and published in New York and London magazines. The success that Mr. Fraser has made in story-writing is very pronounced, and his first book fairly represents his work, containing stories of Burma and of the Canadian North-West. That which most impresses the reader of this book is the straightforward style in which the stories are written and their structural completeness. He never tells a story unless he has a good one, and he tells it with a sturdy directness peculiarly his own. We shall await with interest to observe the quality and extent of the welcome accorded this notable native book by the Canadian public.

It is a handsome volume, and neat—having an advantage over a great many books in that you can slip it into your pocket when going anywhere on train, boat or wheel, and I consider this a very important thing, though generally overlooked. Published by William Briggs.

Ragged Lady, by W. D. Howells, is an interesting book treating of a young country girl who was taken up by a rich widow and carried into society and off to Italy. The story is written in Howells' well-known style, and his characters are real people, such as we might reasonably expect to meet with any day. It is in reality a study of life, and the people in the book are as complex, as good, as bad, as commonplace, as one's friends and

A Week's Trial

Will do more than Six Months' Talk

To convince you of the superiority of

PACKARD'S

Special Shoe Dressings

over all others.

IT'S NO EXPERIMENT.

More Packard's Shoe Dressings Sold than any other.

A High Polish and no Injury to Shoe.

L. H. PACKARD & CO., MONTREAL.

LABATT'S INDIA PALE ALE
NEW BREWINGS

At this time of the year everyone needs something to create and maintain strength for the daily round of duties. Try these Pure Malt Beverages made from specially selected new grain and hops—the best obtainable for years—uniting the strength of the best Malt Extracts with the palatableness of a fine Ale.

ASK YOUR MERCHANT FOR THE NEW BREWINGS

SUBSTITUTION THE FRAUD OF THE DAY

See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

Special The O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. LIMITED

Beg to announce that their new brand of

SPECIAL EXTRA MILD BOTTLED ALE

Is without exception the finest yet produced in Canada. As clear as Champagne and without sediment. Our other brands are . . .

Gold Label, Imperial, XXX Stout Porter, Pilsener and Imperial Lager

BOCK BEER IN SEASON

TO BE HAD AT HOTELS AND LIQUOR DEALERS

LANOLINE Toilet Soap

For Health and Beauty of the SKIN.

It is perfectly screened. It is free from all coal impurities, burns up the ashes. Prices fluctuate. So you had better buy now while they're low. We deliver anywhere in the city promptly. Shall we book your order?

Wholesale Depot:—67, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

DON'T SHOVEL YOUR DOLLARS into your stove without getting good results. Can't get good results from poor COAL

That's sure. If you come to us you will get the very best coal in the market. Prices fluctuate. So you had better buy now while they're low. We deliver anywhere in the city promptly. Shall we book your order?

P. BURNS & CO., 38 King St. East

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

acquaintance. It is refreshing to read such a book after too long a course of heroics. Published by the W. J. Gage Company, Limited.

The retirement of William George Jordan from the editorship of the Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia is announced. Mr. Jordan made Current Literature a success, and then took hold of the Ladies' Home Journal. When the Curtis Company bought the Post Mr. Jordan accepted the editorship and quickly placed that paper in a fine position. Just why he has resigned is not known, nor are his future intentions made public, but we may rest assured that he is not a man who will be allowed to disappear.

Canada from Ocean to Ocean is a beautifully-bound and handsomely-illustrated volume intended to show to the world at large the extent of Canada's resources and enterprise. The work is to some extent official, as the reading matter has been prepared under the supervision, in most cases, of the Governments of the various provinces of the Dominion. This is a book that can, without misgivings, be sent to represent the country abroad, for nothing handsomer could well be printed anywhere. The half-tone engravings prove the excellence of Canadian photography, engraving and printing. The two or three newspapers that have seen fit to disparage this book seem to miss the point, viz., that the work is designed for a commercial mission, and while the pictures of large manufacturing establishments which are included in it, may not be as decorative as reproductions of scenery, they serve an important purpose. Mr. J. Lawlor Woods has spent over two years upon this work, and has visited each province in preparing the illustrations and letter-press, and the result is a volume crowded with interesting and useful information and photographic views of the leading cities and important public buildings of the whole country. The book is published by the Dominion Publishing Co., Toronto.

Tom—After all, what are kisses good for? Kitty (demurely)—Their face value.—Brooklyn Life.

The Crowning Triumph

Of a Busy Professional Life Was the Discovery of

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

The New Treatment Which has Revolutionized the Old Method of Treating Diseases of the

Blood and Nerves

Of the private prescriptions of Dr. A. W. Chase none have had such a wide influence on the medical profession as his last great discovery, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

For many years Dr. Chase's Ointment and Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have been standard remedies, known and used in nearly every home in this great Dominion. In the United States Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is better known, because it has to a large extent revolutionized the method of treating diseases of the nerves and blood.

The old theory of tearing down disease by the use of strong purgative drugs will no longer hold. That method has entirely failed to cure diseases caused by thin, watery blood, and exhausted nerves. Neither will people be satisfied with purgatives and sarsaparillas, which only weaken the body.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures by making the blood rich and pure and creating new nerve force. It is not a purgative. It does not contain strong poisonous drugs, that deaden the purgative. It does not contain strong pill form the elements which create rich, red blood and nerve tissue.

As a spring restorative, this great food cure has no rival known to medical science. As a restorative for pale, weak, sickly men and women at any season of the year, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has scored a triumph.

Through the medium of the circulation of the blood and the nervous system, it supplies new energy and vigor to every organ of the human body, builds up the system and positively and permanently cures nervous prostration, exhaustion, depression, heart affections and sleeplessness, brain fog, loss of appetite, lack of energy, ambition and nerve force, paralysis and locomotor ataxia, thin, watery and diseased blood; pale, sallow complexion; dark circles and puffiness under the eyes; cold hands and feet; female troubles, leucorrhoea (whites), painful, profuse or suppressed menstruation, tardy development of girls, loss of vital forces, premature decay, heart affections, neuralgia and all diseases of the brain and nerves.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food 50c a box, at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

HARRIS CO.

China Painters Supplies
Colors Brushes Oils &c.
Plants Roman Gold
Ceramic Gold
Lacquer's Gold

44-KING ST. EAST TORONTO

F. MCGILLIVRAY KNOWLES, R.C.A.

Will conduct out door sketching classes in oil and water colors, commencing in May. . . .
For terms apply at studio,
141 Yonge St. 690

J. W. L. FORSTER
... PORTRAIT PAINTING
Studio: 24 King Street West

R. F. GAGEN,
Studio—90 Yonge Street.
Miniatures, Water Color and Ink Portraits.

MISS EDITH HEMMING
PORTRAIT MINATURES
Classical for Miniature Painting.
Studio—582 Church Street, Toronto

IT IS PLEASING to us to know that we have as customers every artist of note in Canada, also many leading American painters, and whilst this is a flattering recognition of our efficiency and superiority it also reflects credit on our customers, as our name is never associated with unreliable goods.

THE ART METROPOLE (Limited)
131 and 133 Yonge Street, Toronto



MUSIC

The announcement that a demonstration of the Fletcher System of Music would be given in the Conservatory musical hall last Saturday afternoon attracted a large audience of people interested in obtaining a clearer knowledge of the methods and aims of this unique method of pianoforte teaching for children. Mr. James L. Hughes gave a brief outline of the system and emphasized its value from an educational standpoint, after which Miss Edith Myers of the Conservatory staff gave practical illustrations of the work accomplished by means of eight of her classes. The children evinced a practical and accurate knowledge of notation, rhythm, time, pitch, etc., all of which had been acquired in a happy manner by means of musical games, and other devices comprised in the method and forming an integral part of it. Miss Myers gave a good account of herself and her pupils, and with such an intelligent and capable exponent as she proves herself to be, the system is bound to meet with the success it deserves. The musical selections following the short essays by the children on Bach, Handel and Beethoven were as follows: Bach's Fugue in G minor, played by Mr. David Wright, organ pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt; Handel's Harmonious Blacksmith, played by Miss Etta Chester, and the first movement of Beethoven's Sonata, op. 30, No. 1, played by Miss Ada F. Wagstaff, both these young ladies being pupils of Dr. Edward Fisher.

Mr. E. W. Schuch has removed to more commodious premises at 2 Elgin avenue, corner of Avenue road, where he is fitting up a charming studio. The success that has attended so many of his pupils, always keeps this popular master's time fully occupied.

Mrs. Norma Reynolds Reburn is receiving very favorable reports of her former pupil, Mr. H. C. Johnson, well known in Toronto, he having filled several positions in prominent churches as tenor soloist, before going two years ago to London, Eng., to continue his studies under Signor Randegger and Mr. Beaumont, R.A.M. Mr. Johnson has been very successful and is at present tenor soloist at St. Stephen's church, South Kensington, and deputy at St. Paul's cathedral. Mrs. Reburn was pleased with Mr. Johnson's application and talent while under her instruction, and is very gratified with his progress since going to England, as she felt sure he would be successful. Mr. Johnson has just concluded several very important engagements. He made his debut in Judas Maccabaeus, and has since sung publicly in the Messiah, Elijah, St. Paul, Hymn of Praise, Redemption, Acts and Galatians, and the Rose Maiden. His concert engagements have included performances in Royal Albert, Royal Victoria, Steinway and Hampstead Vestry halls, in company with the best known artists. Mr. Johnson has many excellent press notices, of which the following is a sample: "Mr. Harry Johnson sang several selections and roused the audience to cheers by his excellent singing. His voice, clear, powerful and pathetic, shows wide range and careful training."

The choir of West Presbyterian church, conducted by Mr. McNally, gave a concert last Tuesday in the lecture room of the church, which was very successful. The choruses and part-songs by the choir were given with careful attention to shading, but vigor was not lacking when called for. Assistance was rendered by Mrs. A. Moir Dow and Messrs. Breckenridge and Gourlay of the choir, and by Miss Bertha Rogers, contralto; Mr. Archibald, tenor; Mr. Wenborne, baritone; Miss De Nure, pianist, and Mr. Switzer, violinist. These all met with a most flattering reception on the part of the audience, and the programme was admitted to be one of the best ever given by the choir.

Mr. Paul Hahn has just had a pleasing compliment paid him by Mr. Watkin Mills, that eminent artist having offered him an engagement to play at his entire series of concerts through Canada. Mr. Hahn, however, has had to decline the offer owing to pressure of business engagements.

Miss Lillian Kirby, pupil of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, sang the solo He Shall Feed His Flock, from the Messiah, in the Parkdale Presbyterian church last Sunday evening. Miss Kirby is possessed of a beautiful, rich contralto.

In Shakespeare's Days is the title of an operetta published by Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons of Warwick lane, London, Eng., the music by E. Ouseley Gilbert and the libretto by M. C. Gillington. The book is designed to enable English boys and girls of to-day to realize the life, ideals, pursuits and games of Elizabethan times, as well as to form an acquaintance with the dialect. The story centers in the adventures of two Stratford boys who, having heard of Shakespeare's success in the English metropolis, go after him and experience many curious adventures. The composer has done his work well with regard to the purpose contemplated. The music is light, tuneful and easy, and in the characteristically English style. For singing and acting in schools the operetta should be just the thing.

A genuine British regimental band, that of the Coldstream Guards, will shortly pay a visit to Canada and will be heard in Toronto under the management

of Mr. Suckling of the Massey Hall. According to a Birmingham paper, the band has obtained permission from the British Government authorities to come here. By many authorities this band is said to be the best in England; at any rate it is one of the best regimental bands. Dan Godfrey's present band is of course a private band, whatever may be claimed as to the positions its members formerly held. Further particulars of the proposed visit will, it is expected, be forthcoming in a few days.

The organ recital which was given in the Jarvis street Baptist church last Saturday afternoon by Miss Jessie Perry turned out to be one of the most successful events of its kind this season. Miss Perry's extensive technique, her well rounded musicianship, and her skill in registration, were well and sufficiently proved in the Bach Toccata in F, Guillemant's first sonata in D minor, Krebs' Concert G Fugue in G, and in smaller works and arrangements of standard orchestral compositions. Miss Perry had the valuable assistance of Miss Dora McMurry, the talented soprano soloist of the church, who gave an excellent rendering of an aria from Mendelssohn's Elijah and a taking song by Charles A. E. Harris. The recital was the last of the special series given during the season by professional pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt, the organist of the church.

Dr. Hans Richter has made an arrangement with the Vienna Opera Company which will permit him to pass three months of the coming season in England. He will spend most of the time in Manchester, but has made arrangements for attending the Birmingham Festival. As he is held in high esteem in England, he will no doubt be much in request at musical functions of a public nature.

Mr. Vance Thompson, in the New York Criterion, recently disposed of Wagner in the following expeditious manner: "Can you not see the old music-drama tottering to its fall? The legends fade. The musical expression of Schopenhauer's dreary, aristocratic philosophy is perivigilant, oldish, untimely. Wagner's art is of the past, the formula is worn out."

His work is the gigantic monument—and tomb, of a dead form of art!

Mr. John Bayley, the bandmaster of the Queen's Own, has taken up his residence at Balmy Beach for the summer.

Miss Bertha D. Adamson, our talented solo violinist, will give her first annual concert in the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens on May 26. She will be assisted by a string orchestra.

The date of the concert of the Toronto Chamber Music Association has been fixed for May 16. The Spiering String Quartette of Chicago will be the principal attraction. The list of the music to be given will be announced in a few days.

Mr. Victor Herbert's two operas, The Idol's Eye and The Wizard of the Nile, were reproduced at the Grand Opera House last week by Mr. Frank Daniels and his company. The Idol's Eye does not improve with renewed acquaintance. The first act is barren of music that is in any special sense engaging, while the choruses in the second act are pretentious without being popularly effective. The opera may, in fact, be regarded simply as a medium of exploiting Mr. Daniels' rare over-refined comic and narrow line of business. The Wizard of the Nile has several numbers of a "catchy" order and this is its chief recommendation. As soon as the public is tired of Mr. Daniels and

his ever-shifting petticoat, the operas, I have no doubt, will disappear from the repertory of traveling opera companies.

Miss Jennie B. Williams, a talented piano pupil of Mr. McNally, gave a very enjoyable recital in St. George's Hall on Thursday evening, April 27. She was assisted by Miss Maude Snarr, soprano, and Miss Kate Archer, violinist. The cosy little hall was crowded to the doors. Miss Williams' principal numbers were Beethoven's Waldstein Sonata, first movement; Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, and Schumann's Impromptu, op. 13, No. 3. She displayed a well developed technique, as well as brilliancy and warmth of style. These merits were particularly in evidence in the concerto. Miss Snarr gained an encore in Miss Williams' song, Slumber, Little One, the obligato played by Miss Archer enhancing the effect.

Messrs. George N. Morang & Co. of Toronto have just published the first volume of the Music Lover's Library, entitled The Orchestra and Orchestral Music, by Mr. W. J. Henderson, the musical critic of the New York Times. This interesting little work, which is exceedingly well printed, is intended to help amateurs in forming an intelligent appreciation of the orchestra in regard to its functions, its composition, and its distinguishing characteristics as found in the playing of the representative organizations of the world. A description of each instrument employed in the modern orchestra is given, and illustrations are supplied of the leading members of the brass and wood choirs, with portraits of the famous conductors of Europe and the United States. Sketches are added of the development of the conductor, of the development of the methods of scoring, and much other useful information. The great mass of the public know very little of the orchestra and its component parts, and I can heartily commend the book as likely to do good service in widening the range of the appreciative enjoyment of the average concert-goer.

The following delightful ingenious opinion was given by a student at an examination: "Chopin showed how the sentimental could be brought out. His music is flaming and smooth, while that of Mozart is more labored and not so spontaneous."

A lady who had been struggling at the same time with poverty and lessons on an old square piano, came into money and forthwith bought a new upright piano. Conscious of the advantages of her newly acquired wealth, in a kind and gentle but firm manner she informed her teacher that she would be obliged to dismiss her—she must have one who taught the upright method.

The methods of the anatomical school of voice culture have led to some amusing popular misconceptions. A young lady who had certainly plenty of courage and was willing to endure much for the sake of art, went to a noted teacher of singing to take lessons. After her voice had been tried she said, "Madame, you will give me either or chloroform, won't you?" "For what?" enquired the astonished teacher. "Why, when you make the hole in my diaphragm for the breath to pass through I don't want to know it." In another case an anxious mother asked a teacher what method of breathing he taught—from the lower or the upper diaphragm, at the same time expressing her conviction that the correct method was by the upper.

The result of the recent annual musical plebiscite at Glasgow is very interesting. The vote was taken in connection with the classical and popular concerts given by the Choral and Orchestral Union during the season. Altogether 89 pieces were given at these concerts—13 symphonies, 33 overtures and preludes, 6 suites and ballet music, and 37 miscellaneous numbers, and the audience were invited to vote for one work in each class which they desired to hear again. In the symphonies, Schubert's Unfinished came first with 439 votes, Dvorak's From the New World second with 418, Beethoven's Pastoral third with 392. In the overture class, Wagner's Tannhauser headed the list with 436 votes, and was followed closely by Beethoven's Leonora No. 3. In the next class, Grieg's suite Peer Gynt obtained 719

votes, and Tschalkowski's Nutcracker suite 531. In the miscellaneous compositions Wagner's Introduction to the third act of Lohengrin came first with 286 votes, Handel's Largo being second with 214, and a selection of Brahms' Hungarian Dances third with 206. The facts show that there is much similarity in the musical taste of the public in Britain and the United States and Canada, so far as one can judge by the manifestations in the leading cities.

A northern English musical critic has just distinguished himself by the following entirely new notice of the Messiah. He says: "The oratorio is a musical expression of the promise of Israel, and the libretto, chosen by a friend of Handel with exquisite taste, is a beautiful touching mosaic of promise and prophecy, leading on through the ravishingly sweet pastoral symphony to the advent of the Messiah, the Healer and the Comforter, then by way of the intense pathos of the alto solo He was despoiled through the Passion and the grave till you feel the Rock Tomb swaying, and the gates of Glory opening, and the culminating clash of the music of earth and heaven rings out in glorious power in Worth's the Lamb and in the absolutely triumphant unique Hallelujah chorus, which, since the first performance before the king and the court, has always raised the listeners to their feet."

We believe that a composition of such stupendous majesty will never be truly sung till it be given to the ingathered worlds in heaven itself." The critic concludes his grandiloquent description: "To enter fully into the rapture, to get down into the heart of the pathos, to rise to the fury, to catch the idyllic sweetness of this work, over which, through all its moods, the pillar of cloud and fire, the shadow and the walling of Jewish prophecy and history, makes a great demand on insight, technique, art, passionateness of singers and players." The talents of the critic are evidently wasted in the provinces. He ought to apply to the Times for a suitable position.

Mr. Harold Jarvis will sing several choice solos at the sacred concert announced for Thursday evening, May 11, in Westminster Presbyterian church, Bloor street east. CHERUBINO.

Le Gallienne and Kipling.

Vancouver Province.
THERE is a young man named Richard Le Gallienne who writes many smart things. Some of his smartness is won at the expense of truth and some at the expense of decency, but there can be no denying its existence nevertheless. His awful conceit and his thorough unconsciousness of it, is perhaps the most interesting phase of the young man's character. He admires himself immensely, nor does he hesitate to say so in his writings. One of his latest attacks has been on the Empire's loved son, Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Kipling has been universally lauded while an unsympathetic public has turned coldly aside from Mr. Le Gallienne's lace frills and pink nastiness. This has led Mr. Le Gallienne to deal with Mr. Kipling in his novel Young Lives, a work which is principally autobiographical and of which, of course, he is himself the hero. He is at an evening party at his publisher's house when

"Presently there entered a tall young man with a long, thin face curtained on each side with enormous masses of black hair—like a slip of the young moon glimmering through a pine wood. At the same moment there entered, as if by design, his very antithesis, a short, firmly built, clerically fellow, with a head like a billiard ball, in need of a shave, a big brown mustache and enormous spectacles. 'That,' said the publisher, referring to the moon-in-the-pine-wood young man, 'is our young apostle of sentiment, our new man of feeling, the best-hated man we have, and the other is our young apostle of blood. He is all for muscle and brutality—and he makes all the money. It is one of our many fashions now to sing 'Britons and brutality.' But my impression is that our young man of feeling will have his day—though he will have to wait 'or it. He would hasten it if he would cut his hair, but that he says he will never do."

It might do the young man good if he would run out and roll in the snow.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director
Affiliated with Toronto and Trinity Universities
Students prepared as Teachers and Performers, also for positions in colleges, schools, churches and concert work.

CALENDAR AND SYLLABUS
MAILED FREE.

CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION
F. H. KIRKPATRICK, Principal.
Oratory, Recitation, Reading, Acting, Voice Culture, Orthopedic, Delsarte and Swedish Gymnastics, Greek Art, Statue Posing, Literature.

EDWARD FISHER
Musical Director Toronto Conservatory of Music

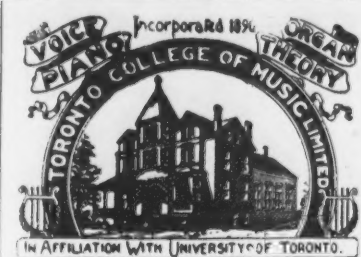
SPECIALIST in training
PIANO STUDENTS for
THE PROFESSION

MR. ED. HAYES
OF NEW YORK
Will conduct a special course of Vocal lessons in Toronto for ten days, beginning Thursday, 4th May. Address—Miss W. HUSTON, Studio, Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

Miss Margaret Huston
CONCERT SOPRANO
Voice culture. Special attention to tone production and style. Spring term ends June 30th. Studios, Confederation Life Building and St. Margaret's College, Toronto.

VOICE PRODUCTION, SINGING
and PIANO LESSONS
MISS C. A. WILLIAMS
Schools attended.
Residence—Hosin House, Studio—Messrs. Nordheimer's Building, 15 King Street East.

GEO. E. BRAME, Singing Master
Teacher of Piano and Theory
Specialist in Italian songs.
Studio—301 Jarvis Street, Toronto.



COLLEGE OF MUSIC
Affords unexcelled advantages for a Modern Artistic Musical Education. Highest facilities. Most eminent staff of experienced teachers.
SUMMER TERM OPENS APRIL 15th
For calendar address F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director, 12 & 14 Pembroke St., Toronto.

FRANK S. WELSMAN
PIANO VIRTUOSO
Pupil of Prof. Martin Krause, Gustav Schreck and Richard Hofmann.

Teacher of Piano, Theory and Composition
Toronto College of Music or 266 Sherbourne St., also at Miss Veale's School, St. Margaret's College and Haverhill Hall.

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC
205 BLOOR ST. EAST

Students who wish to finish their musical studies under German masters in Germany can have instruction in this College in the German language in connection with their musical studies.
Arrangements may be made to give pupils lessons at their homes without extra charge. Accommodation for a limited number of boarders at moderate rates.
For Prospectus apply to
CHARLES FARRINGER,
Tel. 3572. 205 Bloor Street East.

Fletcher Music Method
CLASSES FOR CHILDREN
AT
Room 17, 2 College Street Miss Via Macmillan

J. D. A. TRIPP
Piano Virtuoso and Teacher
Pupil of Moezkowski, Stepanoff and Leschetizky.

Studio—2 College Street. Tel. 464.
Also at Rolleston House and St. Margaret's College.

MR. RECHAB TANDY
Tenor. Lessons in Voice Culture and Artistic Singing. Best Method. Highest Results. Oratorio and concert engagements accepted. Entire concerts or partial programmes supplied. Address—The Toronto Conservatory of Music Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

ELOCUTION
The best book yet published on Elocution, for pupils, teachers and colleges, by Sara Lord Bailey, with the leading selections of the day, including Miss Bailey's own original readings as given by her throughout England and America, with illustrations. Mailed to any address in Canada on receipt of price, \$1.25.
Address—SARA LORD BAILEY
90 Concord Street, Lawrence, Mass., U. S. A.

Mr. E. W. Schuch
begs to announce that he has removed to
2 Elgin Avenue
Cor. Avenue Road.

PIANO PLAYING
HARMONY, COUNTERPOINT, ETC.
For Professional and Advanced Pupils.
W. O. FORSYTH
(Director Metropolitan School of Music)
Highest technical advancement and interpretation.
Available studio days, 15 King Street East (Nordheimer's), Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. Residence—112 College Street.

WILLIAM REED
(Organist and Director St. Andrew's Church, King Street)

Concert Organist
Recitals Organ Openings
Piano, Organ and Theory
For terms, etc., address—St. Andrew's Church, King St. West.

GERALDINE HASTINGS
TEACHER OF HARP
Residence—Deer Park, Ont. 597

THEODORE WIEHMAYER
Leipzig, Germany
PIANO VIRTUOSO
Will accept a limited number of Canadian and American pupils.
Ferdinand Road Strasse 37 Parterre Links.

MISS MARY HEWITT SMART
...SOPRANO...
Voice Culture and Piano
Address St. Margaret's College, or Studio U, Yonge Street Arcade.

J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church. Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher of Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School, and Miss Veale's School, 13 Dunbar Road. Rosedale.

MRS. NORMA REYNOLDS REBURN
SINGING
Specialist in training vocal students for the profession. Appointments made.
Address Toronto Conservatory of Music or 4 Pembroke Street.

JOHN M. SHERLOCK
MASTER OF SINGING
SOLO TENOR
STUDIO—ROOM 5, NORDHEIMER'S, TORONTO, ONT.

MRS. DRECHSLER-ADAMSON
...VIOLINIST...
Teacher at the Conservatory of Music. Conductor of Conservatory String Orchestra. Residence—578 Church Street



Tom (our doctor's son)—I wouldn't have anything to do with Captain Smiler if I were you, Ella.
Miss Ella—Tom! what on earth do you mean?
Tom—Well, he's not safe! I heard dad say his very laugh was infectious!—Punch.



My... Best... Friend

owes his speedy recovery to the great tonic influence of

Wilson's Invalids' Port...

a pure port wine with Peruvian Bark in proportions prescribed by the English and French pharmacopoeias.

Endorsed and prescribed by our leading physicians.

WM. MARA - Wine Merchant
79 YONGE STREET

It is a COMFORTABLE feeling to have when you buy a...

HERCULES WIRE SPRING

to know you are getting the best spring bed made in the world and at a moderate price, guaranteed by the best trade. Be wise and buy no other kind. Manufactured by Gold Medal Furniture Mfg. Co., Limited, Toronto and Montreal.

Your Intelligent Judgment

is the best criterion. It will lead you to select a

Stanley Piano

THE BEST ON THE MARKET

Durability, good workmanship and splendid tone—a trinity of results found only in this instrument. We ask you but one price and fully warrant each instrument.

Call and see us or write for catalogue.

The STANLEY PIANO CO.
OF TORONTO, Limited
93-95-97 NIAGARA STREET
Phone No. 5527

A Charming Summer Resort... Hotel Hanlan

If Tourists knew the peaceful rest, recreation, comfort and healthfulness to be enjoyed at a moderate expense at this hotel, the question which is freely discussed in every family circle, where shall we spend the summer? would be at once decided in our favor. Special rates for families for the season. Booklets on application.

M. A. THOMAS, Manager.
F. M. THOMAS, Resident Manager.

A BRILLIANT COMPLEXION

and bright eyes are the perfection of nature's beauty.

THE TALISMAN OF BEAUTY
Shows how anyone may acquire them. Write for a free copy.

THE TALISMAN CO.
77 Victoria Street, Toronto

DENTISTRY...

All the latest appliances and most approved methods used in operating.

Dr. W. Frank Glasgow

S. E. cor. Spadina & College
Telephone 9140

We Cater

For the largest ball or assembly and the small social gathering with equal facility.
Phone 247 and we will save you time and trouble, and you will be exempt of all the disagreeable details of the collation.

ALBERT WILLIAMS
Coleman's Restaurant
115 King Street West

J. YOUNG
(ALEX. MILLARD)
The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer
359 YONGE ST. TELEPHONE 679

LADIES, PLEASE NOTICE

Free Lessons in Silk Work. Messrs. Hemmings & Sons, the large manufacturers of Art Embroidery Silks, are giving free lessons in silk work at their Canadian agency, 32 Bay Street, Toronto. Samples of some of the finest silk work in America are on exhibition at their offices.
Phone 144. 32 Bay Street.

VISITING CARDS
DONALD BAIN & CO.
STATIONERS
25 Jordan Street - Toronto

Social and Personal.

Rev. Dean Harris of St. Catharines was in town for the archiepiscopal installation on Wednesday.

The Misses Maud and Mabelle Pearson, after convalescing from recent illness, are again with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin P. Pearson.

Mrs. Mercer Adams, with her daughter, Mary, are visiting Mrs. W. A. Karn of Woodstock.

Dr. Warner has removed from Carlton street to 502 Church street, where Mrs. Warner (nee Webb) will be at home on Monday, May 8, and on the following first and third Mondays.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. McIntosh are spending a few weeks in Los Angeles, Cal. Most encouraging is the news received concerning Mrs. McIntosh's improved health.

Mrs. Gurney E. Still will receive on the second and fourth Tuesdays in May at her new home, 7 Selby street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Aspin of Chicago are at present on a visit to Mr. T. Aspin, 138 Dowling avenue, Parkdale.

Mr. and Mrs. William L. Prizer have removed from Madison avenue to 390 Huron street. Mrs. Prizer will receive as heretofore on second and third Fridays.

Miss Estelle Tomlinson will spend May and June with her relatives at Howden Holme.

Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn has gone to Montreal to visit her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Tait.

Miss Moore of Peterborough has been the guest of Major and Mrs. Leigh of Dovercourt road.

Personal.

A young lady, who has excellent references, desires a position as lady's companion or guardian of children during parents' vacation, for about a month or longer. Salary not so important as congenial home. Immediate or later engagement. Personal interview if requested. A line to the address below will have prompt attention.
Box A, SATURDAY NIGHT OFFICE.

Mrs. E. F. Greenwood, optician, is removing her studio from Bain's book store, Yonge street, to 250 Spadina avenue.

Saturday Night Building.

The following publication offices are located in the SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING: TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

The Evening Star.
The Weekly Sun.
Money and Risks.
Canadian Cigar and Tobacco Journal.
The Liquor Journal.
The Canadian Wheelman.
Montreal Gazette.
The Cassier Magazine.
The Howell Book Company.
Dominion Publishing Company.
One small office and a suite of rooms suitable for a publishing concern are yet vacant. Apply to the secretary of the Sheppard Publishing Company.

"I see," remarked Dedbrooke, "that you advertise an up-to-date boarding-house. I suppose that refers to the service and

appointments." "No, indeed," replied the landlady; "that refers exclusively to the boarders. I don't keep anyone who gets behind."—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Wabash Railroad

Is the great trunk line passing through Canada and through six States of the Union, making direct connection with more railroads and reaching more large cities than any other railroad in the world. The "Continental Limited" and the "New East Mail" between Buffalo and Kansas City are the finest and fastest trains ever seen in this country.

Passengers going west should ask their nearest ticket agent for tickets via this great Banner Route.

All Wabash trains have free reclining chair cars, and are solid vestibule from end to end.

For further information apply to any railroad agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

Rogers' Fine Furniture



FOR my lady's chamber we are showing as fine a collection of high grade Dressers, Washstands, Cheffoniers, Brass Bedsteads, Fur Chests, Tables, Chairs, Rockers and other etceteras for its proper furnishing as we ever gathered together, and that's saying a lot, as you will admit when you see the display.

Low price suites are here too. We are selling a really neat set in hardwood for \$13.00 net.

The CHARLES ROGERS & SONS CO.

LIMITED
97 Yonge Street

There's a Feeling of Satisfaction...



in buying clothing at Oak Hall. The quality is always satisfactory—there's no need to worry about that—it's guaranteed.

Choose the styles and patterns to suit you—all the latest novelties are here—and little prices to pay for them, and your boys will be the best dressed in the city.

OAK HALL Clothiers

115 King St. East, Toronto

Opp. St. James' Cathedral

Off to the Pacific Coast A CARLOAD OF PIANOS



This illustration might be repeated almost daily, for never in the long history of this house has there been such a demand for the Heintzman & Co. Piano—the art Piano of Canada. All throughout British Columbia these Pianos have the lead. The same is the record in Manitoba and the North-West Provinces, whilst one of the most popular fields is the Maritime Provinces. It goes without saying that in Ontario—our own province—the home of these Pianos for 50 years, they have no competition wherever purchasers are resolved to have the best in a Piano.

Endorsed and eulogized by all the great artists, including:

Burmeister, Albani, Plunket Greene, Dan Godfrey, Ben Davies, Hyllested, Scacchi, Trebelli, Pol Plancon, Edward Lloyd, Signor Foli, Arturo Nutini, Harold Jarvis.

Toronto Warerooms - 117 King Street West

The Flat Collar and Cuff Case

Is the most convenient and compact.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue



TRAVELING BAGS

In the Newest Designs.

DRESS TRUNKS BASKET TRUNKS SUIT CASES

The JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO., Limited

MAKERS OF

Fine Traveling and Leather Goods

LADIES' BELTS, CHATELAINES and PURSES

"Live Near To Nature"



ADOPT the plan fixed by Nature for the sustenance and development of man and be well, strong, energetic, able and anxious to fight the battle of life and sure of success! When Wheat was made to be the greatest product of the earth and to become the "staff of life" it was made to contain all the food properties that there are, and all you could get, suited for nutrition, if you ate all the kinds of food in existence.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

the whole of the wheat is used, and in the process of converting the raw grain into Shredded Wheat Biscuit all of its valuable properties are retained in exactly their proper proportion, thus making Shredded Wheat Biscuit the perfect food.

Your grocer can supply you. Over 200 recipes sent free.

The SHREDDED WHEAT CO., WORCESTER, MASS.

Order the Wedding Cake

from us—You'll be pleased by the delicious perfection, choice almond icing and artistic decorations in which our cakes excel.

We fill out-of-town orders with special care.

Giles
Caterer and Confectioner
719 Yonge St. Tel. 3423

HENRY A. TAYLOR

DRAPER

Is showing some unique designs distinctly his own in wheeling and golfing suits and special novelties in fabrics for making them.

THE ROSSIN BLOCK, TORONTO

Trusts and Guarantee

CO., Limited.
Capital - \$2,000,000

Offices and Safe Deposit Vaults:
TRUSTS & GUARANTEE BUILDING
King Street West, Toronto

PRESIDENT—J. R. STRATTON, M.P.P.
VICE-PRESIDENTS—(D. W. KARN, Esq., C. KLOEFFER, M.P.)

The Company is chartered to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Trustee, Assignee, Committee of Lunatic, Receiver and General Fiduciary Agent for investments of money, management of estates, issuing and counter-signing bonds, etc.
Trust Accounts kept separate from assets of company.
Safe deposit boxes of all sizes to rent at reasonable rates. Will appointing the company executor received for safe keeping without charge.
Solicitors sending business to the company are retained in the professional care thereof.
Correspondence invited.
T. P. COFFEY, Manager.

Ladies' Waist Sets

in almost endless variety.

SOLID GOLD
STERLING SILVER
and ROLLED PLATE

from 25c. per set upwards.

SGHEUER'S
Wholesale and Retail Jewellers
90 YONGE ST.

Lace Curtains

BLANKETS and SPREADS

re-cleaned equal to new.
Shams a specialty at

Rolston Laundry Co.

168-174 King St. West
PHONE 1381

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Fishing

The best Trout and Bass streams are to be found on the line of the Canadian Pacific.

Open season for Trout commences 2nd of May.

Open season for Bass commences 16th of June.

For further particulars and copy of "Fishing and Shooting" consult any agent or

C. E. McPHERSON
Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent
1 King Street East, Toronto.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Toronto to Chicago

| LEAVE TORONTO | ARRIVE CHICAGO |
|---------------|----------------|
| 7.35 a.m. | 8.45 p.m. |
| 2.10 p.m. | 6.25 a.m. |
| 11.15 p.m. | 2.30 p.m. |

7.35 a.m. train has through Pullman Car to Chicago.

2.10 p.m. has Pullman Car to Detroit and connects at Hamilton with Chicago Sleeper.

11.15 p.m. train has Pullman Sleeper and Coach to Chicago, also Sleeper to Detroit and is ready for occupancy at 9.30 p.m. on west end of fourth track Union Station.

Tickets and all information from

J. W. RYDER, C.P. and T.A.,
Phone 434 2 King St. West, Toronto.

M. C. DICKSON, D.P.A., Toronto.

THE PROVINCIAL TRUST COMPANY

TEMPLE BUILDING LIMITED TORONTO

TRUSTS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION ACCEPTED AND EXECUTED, ACTS AS ADMINISTRATOR, EXECUTOR, GUARDIAN, ASSIGNEE AND LIQUIDATOR.

LOANS

MONEY IN ANY AMOUNT UPON REAL ESTATE OR APPROVED COLLATERALS AT LOWEST MARKET RATES.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT
President

A. F. McKINNON, Vice-President

JAMES SCOTT, President

A. W. McDougall, Manager

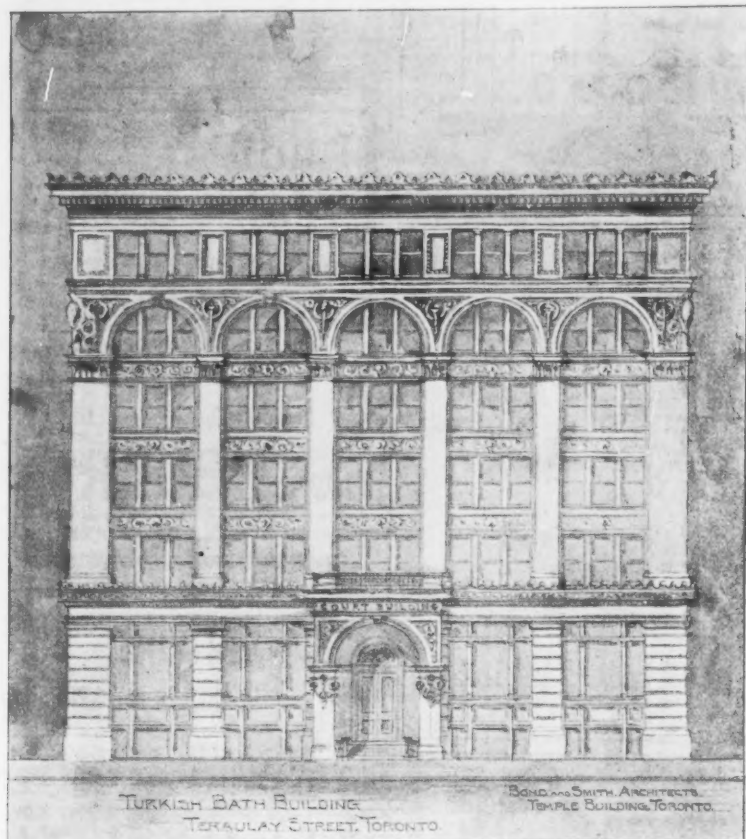
TRUST & SAFE DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT

TORONTO'S NEW TURKISH BATHS AND OFFICE BUILDING.

TORONTO is becoming quite a city and is beginning to offer to her citizens and to her visitor the accommodations that are justly expected of metropolitan life. Nothing better illustrates this than the scope and completeness of the new bath-house which is to be at once erected on Teraulay street, opposite the western entrance to the new City Hall buildings, and of which we here give some architectural drawings and interior views.

for massage and therapeutics. Physicians in all parts of the country may with safety and advantage send their patients to this institution for treatment unobtainable elsewhere. Toronto will hereby be afforded an advertisement of no ordinary character.

In the designing and equipment of this new building nothing that can add to its completeness and comfort will be omitted. It will be situated on a



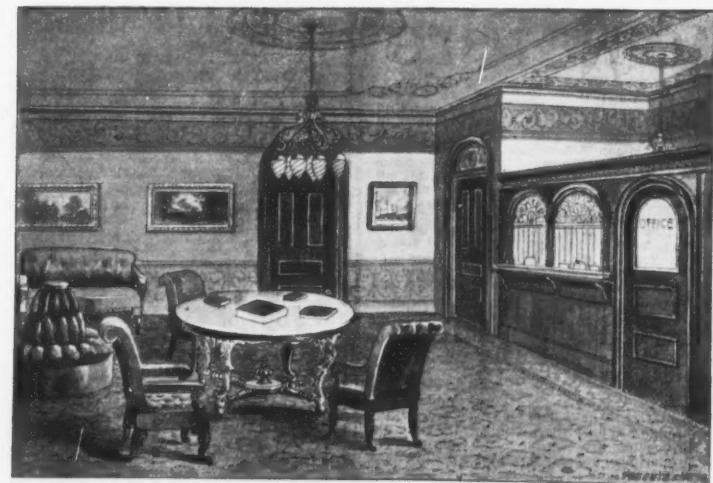
TURKISH BATH BUILDING
TERAULAY STREET, TORONTO

Front of Building.

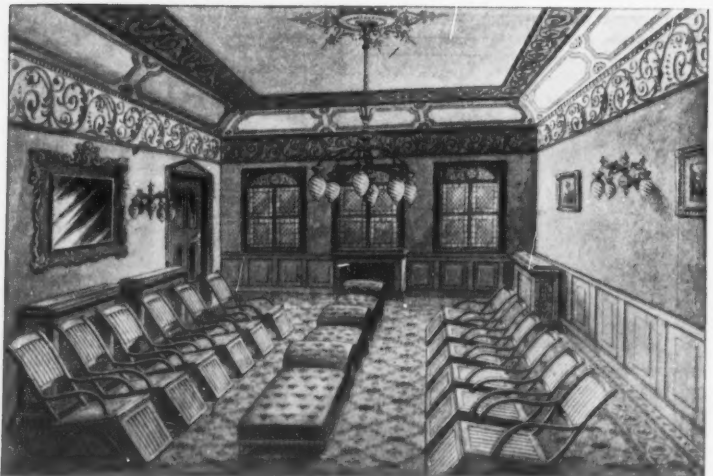
lot of 112 feet frontage and 167 feet deep. On this lot the erection of a building 88 feet by 150 feet and seven stories high will soon be commenced. The building will be surrounded by a twelve-foot granite driveway, from which entrance to the baths will be afforded for ladies and gentlemen.

Of many interesting features of the place, not the least is the fact that all the water which will be used for bathing purposes will be furnished from an artesian well on the property. The baths will be equally available for gentlemen and for ladies. One side will be given over to one sex and the other to the other sex, with a separating wall between. Strict disciplinary rules will be enforced, and the ladies being enabled to take baths day and night will have privileges not afforded by any other city.

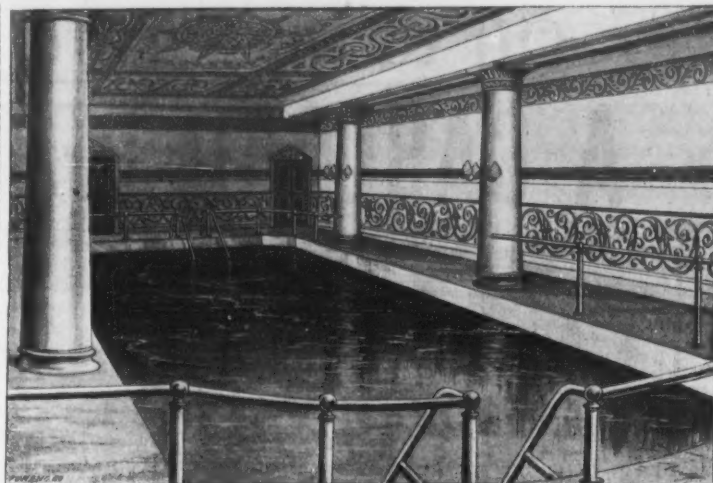
The baths when completed are, it is announced, to be the largest improved baths in the world. There will be two plunges or swimming baths, each 25 feet wide by 40 feet long, besides two each 8 feet wide by 12 feet long. The smaller plunges will be located in the Russian baths or steam-rooms. The series, with all the latest improved machinery, fittings, etc., up to the



One of Two Offices and Reception Rooms.



One of Two Hot Rooms.



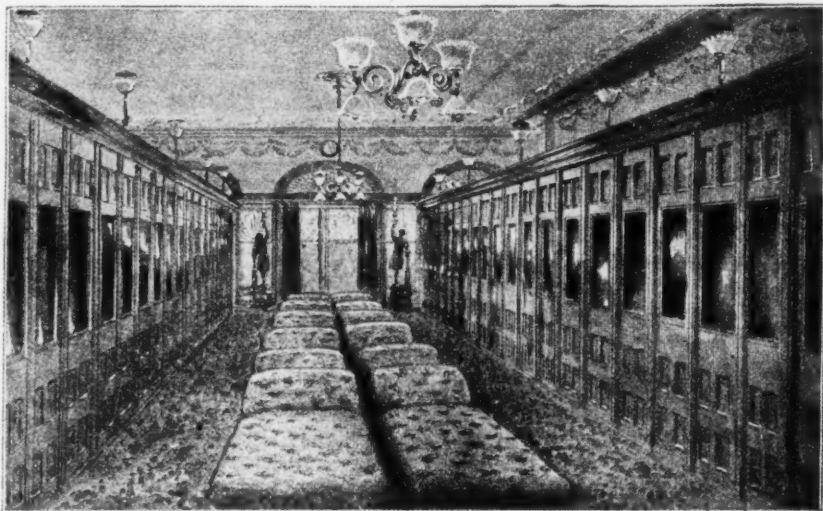
One of Two Plunges 25 by 40.

present date, will make the baths far in advance of any doing business in either the United States or Canada. Some of the most able experts on Turkish and Russian baths in the United States and Europe have been consulted.

The design of the exterior of the building shows a remarkably neat structure, one which will certainly be a credit to "City Hall square." The building will be constructed upon the most improved and modern plans, the materials being stone, brick, steel and marble, with metallic ceilings and tile and concrete floors, thus making the building fireproof.

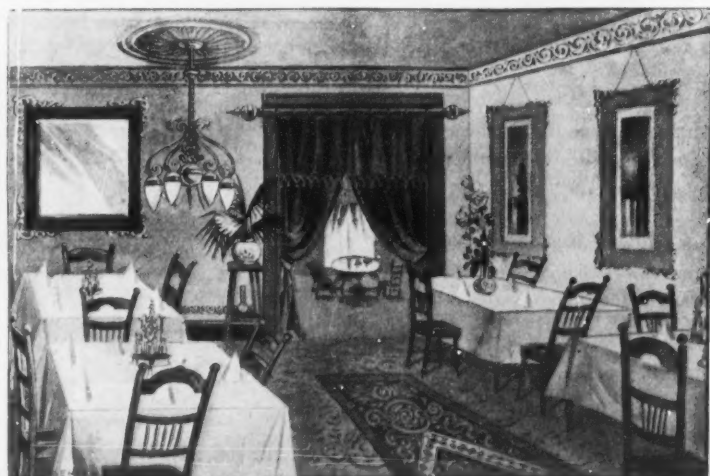
The most important branch, the Turkish and Russian baths, will be on the first floor, occupying a space of 75 feet long by 88 feet wide, divided in the center into an apartment for each sex, so that the gentlemen's and ladies' bath-rooms will each be 75 feet long and 44 feet wide. Here will be the hot-rooms, steam-rooms, plunge-baths, rubbing, drying and massage-rooms, each fitted out in elegant furnishings. The front room on this floor will contain a very essential part of the place, a restaurant, cafe and private dining-rooms. This room will be 65 feet long and 88 feet wide. A hall 10 feet wide and 88 feet long will divide the cafe from the baths, and this hall will be used for bicycle rooms, being separated in the center into two parts, the north side for ladies and the south side for gentlemen. At the rear of the first floor will be placed, outside the building, the electric lighting plant, steam boilers and engines, thus insuring absolute safety from this source of danger.

The second floor will be of a mixed character, but will be none the less important.

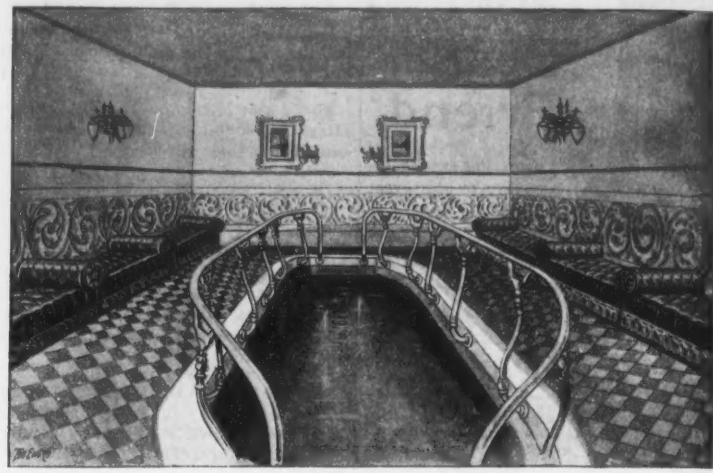


One of Two Dressing and Resting Rooms.

Two offices, 35 feet by 65 feet each, one for banking, the other for insurance business, will occupy the front portion. A corridor eighteen feet wide will extend from the main entrance on Teraulay street with a reception room, telegraph and messenger office, telephone exchange and stamp office. The balance of this floor will be, as in the case of the first, divided into two sections, for the separation of ladies' and gentlemen's apartments. There will be rooms and ample space for dressing, cooling and resting, barber and ladies' hairdressing, manicure and chiropodist parlors, reception rooms and office. A hall will extend from north to south 10 feet wide by 88 feet long, divided in the center by a brick wall. In these luxurious apartments the visitors may at their ease recover after undergoing the effects of the climatic changes down below. The plans for the rooms, as already drafted, show premises as inviting as could be exhibited by any hotel. No less than one hundred rooms will be furnished for sleeping and other accommodations, which will rival hotel or home comforts of the highest excellence. It is intended that the traveling public from all parts of the country, as well as those seeking treatment, will find within this building every



One of Two Dining Rooms.



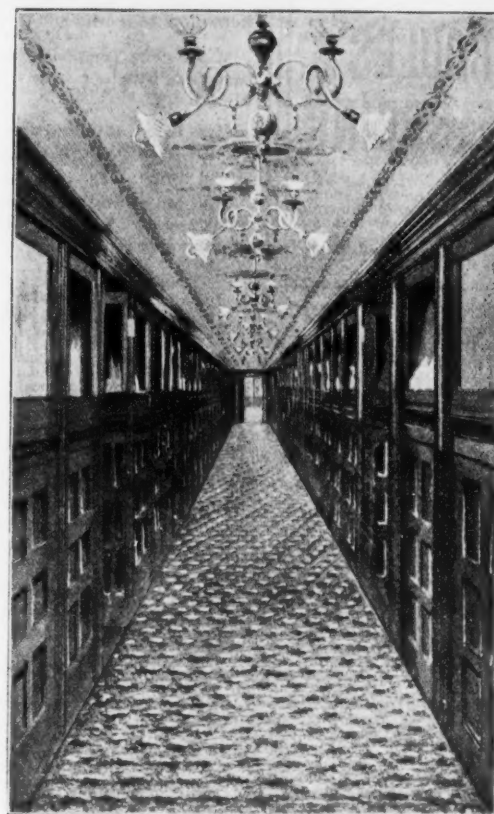
Steam Room and One of Two Plunges 8 by 12.

convenience and accommodation either for their personal comfort or their restoration to health. One hundred couches, to be used by people who do not desire bedrooms, will be placed in the cooling and resting parlors.

Another and most important branch of the work will be located on the third floor. Here will be the electric baths, massage and sleeping rooms. This is a class of work which is constantly growing in importance, and its value as an adjunct to other health restoring agencies in the city will be at once admitted by all who are familiar with the science. In connection with the Turkish baths there will be a therapeutic institute for the electrical and mechanical treatment of various diseases under the direct supervision of a physician. A large class of cases can be successfully treated only in such an institute devoted entirely to the management of particular diseases, as hospitals are not equipped for this special work. There will be provided good accommodation, so that patients coming from a distance can remain in the building, receive their baths and treatment under the constant care and advice of the medical attendants. The institution will be equipped with the latest improved electrical and mechanical appliances for the treatment of the following diseases: Neuritis, nervous affections, both paralytic and spasmodic neuralgias and rheumatism, disorders of the digestive system, or dyspepsia, constipation, obesity or corpulence, and functional disturbances of the liver and kidneys, as well as many other diseases. The value of the baths from a medical

sary to complete it will be \$150,000. The projectors, after a careful estimate of the receipts and expenses of operating the building, have reached the conclusion that it will show a large surplus and profit, which will pay to the stockholders a good dividend per annum, and will leave a substantial amount to be placed to the credit of the company for a reserve fund. The com-

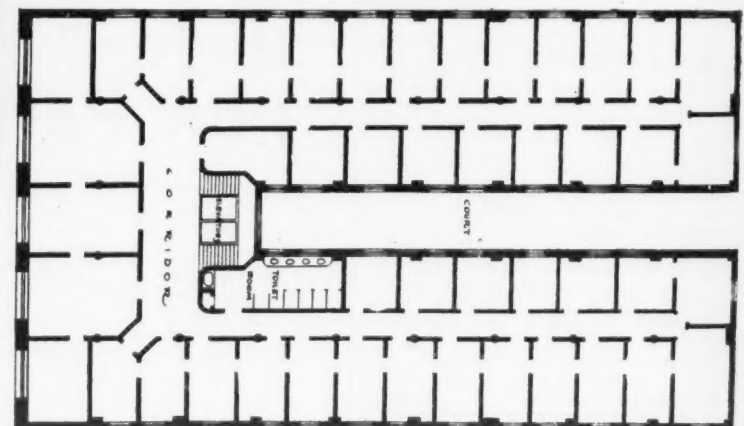
closed. This trust company will pay out to the contractors and builders all moneys certified from time to time upon progress certificates, and attend generally to the financial concerns of the company until the building is handed over by the contractors and accepted by the company. It is proposed to commence the erection of this building on or about May 15 and to com-



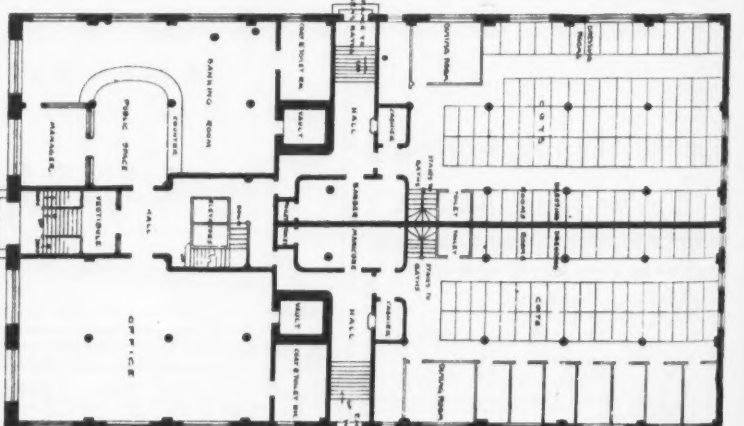
Sleeping Rooms.

pany is, therefore, to be organized with a capital of \$150,000 in 3,000 shares of \$50 each. The receiving of subscriptions for stock will be placed in the hands of a trust company, which will issue stock certificates therefor until the subscription book is

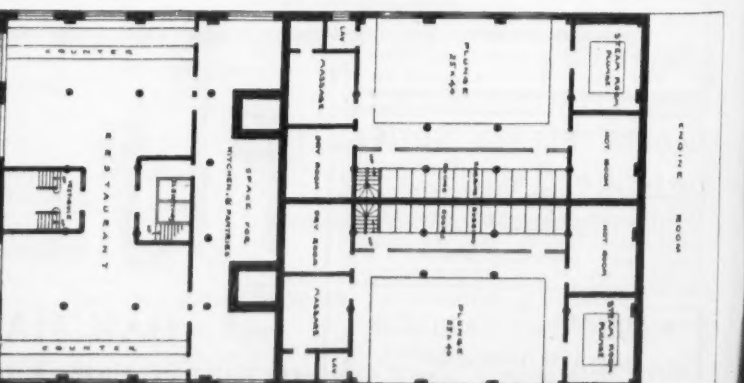
plete the same on or before October 1, 1899. SATURDAY NIGHT publishes in this issue a series of plans and general interior views of the proposed building, which will show more eloquently than words what the new structure will be when it is completed.



Typical Floor Plan of Upper Stories



Plan of Second Floor.



Plan of First Floor.